HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE TIMES; OR, MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

A NOVEL.

By the Editor.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PRIEST BECOMES THE SACRIFICE.

One would hardly believe on revisiting Bartholomew Lane and the neighbouring streets that they were the same thoroughfares as they had seen a few weeks or perhaps a few days previously. Then they were crowded with people, the pavement thronged with numerous gronps of various characters with slips of paper in their hands, pleasing smiles on their lips, and an animated expression about their eyes which betokened an occupation of an agreeable character. Now the same places were deserted or only occupied for the moment by some passers-by, who, instead of loitering on the way, seemed to rush past the Exchange as if in apprehension of some dire calamity, or of some sudden apparition emerging from its retreat, as the school-boy or untutored peasant passes the "haunted house," (what village has not its "haunted house") with bated breath, scarcely daring to turn even a furtive glance at its naked walls, or to listen to the mournful wailings which the wind makes as it whistles through the hollow casements, or the dismantled apartments. Then the active exertions of more than one police officer were necessary to clear a passage to and from the arena of a nation's speculation, and to render the courts and streets in the neighbourhood passable; now it would require more than equal exertions to induce one half of the number to even approach the scenes of their former triumphs.

All had fled!—the word had gone forth—the Bank had raised the discount a-half per cent., and the man of wealth

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and the man of want had retreated to other scenes, the one to prepare for a struggle which he could not evade, and the other to evade a struggle for which he could not possibly make preparation.

The merchant, the banker, the broker repaired to their desks and began to count up their resources, to examine their bills, their securities, and the bits of paper on which their future career and that of their family depended.

What anxious moments were these!—one stands already on the threshold of bankruptcy,—another adds up the amount of his securities and considers himself worth at least twenty thousand pounds. In a few weeks they will appear together in the Gazette:—bills which a week since would have produced thousands are not now worth a shilling:—securities that were then regarded as "safe as the Bank," are now valueless; and railway shares which then commanded a premium would not now be taken as a present.

The railway stag too retreated from the scenes of his former toils,—he had nothing to lose except his liberty and his life; but these were all to him;—the latter would be of little value without the former, and was doubly prized as being his only enjoyment. The world is wide, and many millions live—and in happiness too—who never heard of Bartholomew Lane or Threadneedle Street. What were his former haunts to him;—other streets and other lanes and other cities would now answer his purpose equally well; or what were now his former pursuits to him;—they had ceased to furnish him with the golden fruits which he had enjoyed before, he should now turn to others more profitable.

The struggle with him was hardly worthy of the name;—he had nothing to lose, he had therefore lost nothing. What had he to contend for?—neither wealth, nor fame, nor name;—no luxuriant park, nor costly mansion, nor glittering retinue of attendants chained him to his task or called on him to toil and struggle for their preservation till his hand should droop and his strength should fail, or his head swim, or his heart break.

To those who still clung to the objects of their greatest ambition—their strongest hope,—to those who still pursued the shadow, and grasped the remains of the bubble which had burst within their hand, the struggle was, on the contrary, great indeed.

To come down from the high pinnacle of fame, on which

we may have rested so long, and on which we may have deemed ourselves securely seated—to give up all that we had held most dear, and clung to from our earliest days—to resign the pomp and pleasures, glittering baubles though they be, which we have enjoyed for many years, are, indeed, trials to any, but most to those who have thought of these alone—have toiled only for these, and have set their hearts only on their possession.

Behold yonder aged man, bent with years, and griefs, and infirmities—his residence is an attic in yonder back and unhealthy street—his friends and former acquaintances are now his only support, and yet a few years since he was the wealthy jeweller!—the lender of monies!—the favoured child of Fortune!—he is now a poor old man! Nature is kind to him—his mind wanders, and he believes he will soon regain all that he has lost—ask him how? he knows not; and yet bright visions of wealth float before his eyes, and he talks of the funds, and bills, and bonds, and discounts,—even in his sleep he mutters out the pursuits of his life, and dreams of treasures which have long since passed away from him, and which he shall never again possess.

There was a time, when the school-boy passing his shop-window stood to gaze at the treasures displayed therein, and wished they were his—when the more advanced in age, as they passed the glittering piles of wealth, envied the possessor, and thought how happy he should be, were he the owner of such riches.

Oh! what a gilded sepulchre is this metropolis! with its towering piles, and its noble mansions, and its extensive parks, and its costly palaces, and all its wealth and greatness. The sounds of music charm the ear of the worldling, who turns away from the tale of imploring famine, and listens not to the cries of the perishing—the child of misfortune treads the streets at midnight, exposed to the pelting of the pitiless storm, and finds no shelter from the piercing wind—the gaudy carriage with its costly load rolls on, and the cry of the suppliant is hushed by the clashing of the horses' hoofs and the roll of the carriage wheels—she has sought to lay her head within the walls of the parish workhouse, but the inhuman dispenser of more inhuman laws has driven her from its threshold—she does not belong to that parish!

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public discord, and know no corner in the human heart? are thy doctrines, which are universal, truly catholic, to be sacrificed on the altar of the world's laws, and thy divine precepts to be limited by the parish bounds?

Who is not our sister? who is not our brother? Shall we spurn the wretched outcast from us, and tell her she is not of our parish—she may pine and perish, but she belongs not to us? shall we tell the victim of crime that he has forfeited all claims to our protection?

Where have we protected him? Behold yonder child, with naked feet, and bare head, and shivering limbs, who picks up his daily food from the refuse of the market and the channels of the streets—who, perishing from want, passes by the heaps of tempting food and costly dainties, and is told they are not for him.

Who is his protector?—who his instructor? Behold him again—want and famine have prevailed, and he stands at the bar of justice—gracious Heavens! of justice!—the condemned culprit, he has stolen food to satisfy the cravings of hunger, he is convicted, and the prison walls enclose him for a season.

Where now is his protector? Behold him again—he has advanced in age and strength and crime, and the deserted outcast has become the daring burglar—once more is he condemned to punishment.

Once more again—who is he who stands upon the scaffold's brink, with pinioned hands and quivering limbs? 'Tis he! the outcast—the thief—the burglar—the murderer!

The bolt is drawn!—Who has been his protector?

But human prosperity, and human happiness, and human love, and human charity, are Utopian: let us return to that which partakes more of the realities of life.

One principle seemed to pervade all members of the eastern metropolis who dealt in monies; namely, to hold fast all which they possessed, and not to part with a shilling which they could possibly avoid. It was in vain that the best of securities were offered to them,—they would not *look* at them,—suspicion rested on every person, and no one could tell who would be the next who should be crushed beneath the load of impending ruin.

Already some of the first houses had given way, and others were daily expected to break, although but a few weeks previously they were regarded as worth many hundred thousand pounds.

The panic, too, was extending itself abroad, and Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, were beginning to suffer. Who could then tell the amount of his wealth? who could calculate on the extent of his losses?

The principle acted upon by the monied interest was that of self-protection, and, under the circumstances, was the most wise and politic which could be adopted by individuals; but, taken collectively, was the most monstrously absurd and most highly injurious that has been ever carried out in this country.

The panic alluded to has given a shock to general confidence in the London money-market, from which it is doubtful that it will ever recover. Previously to that, this city might be regarded as the centre of the banking interest of the world; but it has ceased to be such, and other nations have been taught a lesson most useful to them, but most injurious to us, namely, not to be dependent on other nations for their capital.

As may be expected the West-end Junction and Scarborough Railway was deeply affected by the state of the money market, its shares fell rapidly, first to par, then to a discount, and at length to nothing.

The members of the select committee and their friends had long since sold their shares, but the more honourable members retained theirs. Messrs. Scott, Pilcher, & Co. also had disposed of the few which they held, and in addition had contrived to obtain drafts to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds through the instrumentality of Sir Adolphus Thimbleton, Alderman Longfellow, and Major Twigg, who were authorised to sign checks.

Indeed a general principle of "taking all and giving none" became the order of the day with the select gentlemen of the West-end Junction and Scarborough Railway;—no funds could be had, no bills could be paid, and the creditors of the company were sent away from the office with long faces and empty pockets.

But "the times" were pressing, and the creditors declined to feed on hope deferred, and appealed to the potent agency of the law for assistance. Suspicious-looking characters, with sinister looks and restless eyes, and dressed in garments of seedy black were daily seen with long slips of parchment rolled up in their hands, passing in and out of the office; many, too, made their way to the West End, and the Albany Chambers were visited by them at the unseasonable hours of nine o'clock, A.M., and seven P.M.—some of them were seeking

Mr. Montague Beverley, but by far the greater number his master, Lord Wiltram.

The claims on the company amounted to fifty thousand pounds, to meet which, there were but twenty thousand in their banker's hands, two hundred thousand had been absorbed in preliminary expenses, the deficiency thus amounted to thirty thousand pounds. The claimants on the company refused to postpone the settlement of their debts, and required instant payment, in failure of which they issued the first documents usual on such occasions, namely, writs.

The gentlemen of the law now began to reap an abundant harvest; as the claim of each creditor might be sustained against every shareholder in the company, the list of the registered shareholders was inspected, and to this no impediment was offered by the shareholders of the company, and such shareholders were selected as were considered to be worth "powder and shot," and writs issued accordingly. In many instances upwards of twenty writs were issued for the same debt, and in one case as many as fifty were circulated amongst her Majesty's liege subjects.

This interesting process was not confined to the shareholders of the West-end Junction and Scarborough Railway, but was extended to almost all the companies which were considered to possess shareholders of responsibility amongst them.

The consternation thus produced amongst the public, at least that portion of the public interested in railway matters, may be easily conceived. Flight was the order of the day. Some merely "retired to the country," others took their departure for the "Highlands of Scotland," and numbers crossed the English Channel to the shores of "La Belle France."

The commotion was not confined to rank, profession, age, or sex; all shared in the catastrophe, noblemen, gentlemen, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, and even ladies participated in the "general disturbance."

The departure of many of these was not retarded by any of those circumstances which are generally regarded as advantages, namely, those which partake of a valuable character, and are usually included under the name of property, but the flight of others was, on the contrary, all but impossible. Whatever facility might attach itself to the disposal of one's person or one's moveable possessions, houses, lands, &c., are with difficulty carried away, and thus become to their unfor-

tunate possessors serious checks to their contemplated removals.

As may be expected, the most solvent parties were those most generally selected for legal experiment. In the West End Junction and Scarborough Railway, Lord Wiltram was the leading name, and he, therefore, became the favorite debtor for those who had any claim on the company.

Meetings were daily held at the offices of the company, of those shareholders who were forced to stem the torrent in order to make arrangements of a pecuniary nature to meet the demands on the company, but these were any thing but satisfactory, the solicitors, Messrs. Scott and Co., refused the necessary explanations, and at last threatened to throw the matter into the Court of Chancery, contending that they had a claim on the company to the amount of ten thousand pounds. To add to the difficulties of the respectable directors and shareholders of the company, the balance in their bankers' hands stood in the name of three of the select committee, who had already left town and who were the friends and accomplices of Messrs. Scott, Pilcher & Co.

It was at length resolved to call on the shareholders of the company for a payment of one pound per share to liquidate the debts of the company; but Hotspur's remark as to the difference between the "calling" of spirits from the "vast deep," and the "coming" of the said spirits was soon found equally applicable to the shareholders of the company, for they "came not," and a few of the directors were compelled in their own defence to raise a sufficient sum to meet the present urgent demands.

The sum required of Lord Wiltram amounted to twenty thousand pounds!

To meet this heavy demand, Lord Wiltram had no resource but to apply to his bankers for a temporary loan, and to repay their advance by raising the necessary amount upon his estates. As these were considered to be worth double this sum, no difficulty was anticipated by him, and although he felt severely the demand upon his resources, still he flattered himself that, on the winding up of the affairs of the company, he would not be so heavy a loser, and that even if his loss should be great, a few years' retrenchment and economy would restore him to his original means.

But he was to be tried in the furnace which he had constructed for others—he was to be tested in the crucible fabri-

cated by his own hands—he was to be the subject himself (shall I say the victim?) of the principles which he had so long advocated and supported—he was destined soon to feel the effects of that *modern philosophy* of which he had been the warm admirer.

And yet what was his loss? One half his fortune. Why should he deplore it?—why be cast down, when he could reflect that another half would be left, which was sufficient to secure to him the superfluities of life, and to sustain him respectably in the sphere in which he was accustomed to move? How many would envy his position, and think themselves rich on his poverty!

The executioner sometimes becomes the victim.

Come forth, child of misfortune and of poverty! thou who hast been driven into the street, with thy wife and thy little ones, without shelter, without food; or thou whom the laws of thy country have dragged from thy fireside and consigned to the dungeon cell,—come forth all ye who have been "thrown on your own resources" without a hand to stay or an arm to support,—come forth from your cells—from your dank miserable deserted dwellings,—from the damp cellar and the dark arch underground,—come forth in your tattered rags, with your hollow eyes and sunken cheeks and attenuated frames, and proclaim of what are ye the victims—of MODERN PHILOSOPHY—of False POLITICAL ECONOMY—come forth from your graves, ye miserable tenants of the tomb, who have spent your days in agony and your nights in tears, until death came to your relief, or ye anticipated his welcome hand by violating the first laws of Nature, and rushed with blood-stained hands into the presence of your Creator,—come forth ye worse than dead—ye tenants of the madhouse—who gaze and chatter as if in mockery of man and all his boasted attributes—of what are ye the victims? Of doctrines which force the mother to destroy its babe—the father to sacrifice the child of his bosom—which have driven the artisan to drunkenness, and poverty and lunacy, and his child to misery and execution!

Lord Wiltram drove to his bankers' in Lombard Street at an earlier hour than usual namely ten o'clock, A.M., to negotiate with them for the immediate loan of twenty thousand pounds!

CHAPTER XXII.

"PENELOPE'S WEB."

THE attitude, manner, and countenance of Doctor Squill, on entering the parlour in Grosvenor Square, where the Countess Millars and her daughter were engaged in the duties, directly and indirectly connected with the breakfast table, were indicative not only of the intelligence which he was about to communicate, but also of the supposed effect of such intelligence on his hearers.

The creature, the very slave of those who honoured him with their support, he found it necessary to conform to their views and inclinations, and smile or look grave, speak or be silent as he thought they required of him. Under these circumstances, his visage, his speech, indeed his exterior, generally speaking, could not be considered as belonging to himself, but rather to those on whom he attended, although these of course could lay no claim to his interior.

It was, indeed, owing to his careful study of the dispositions, feelings, passions and prejudices of his friends and patients, rather than to his knowledge of the healing art, that he was indebted for his comparative success at the West End of town—whatever their opinions were, such were his—whatever they said, he responded to—and whatever they did, he imitated; but of course at a becoming and respectful distance.

This pliability of disposition is most essential at the West End, as the inhabitants of that region especially object to, and are particularly careful to avoid, an individual who will not applaud their desires and echo their sentiments, and fortunately for Doctor Squill's success in "this sublunary hemisphere," his pliability was of the most perfect kind, and yielded in every direction to suit his purpose, it partook somewhat of the Indian rubber character, as it yielded freely to the force which operated upon it for the time being, but was immediately prepared to bend in the opposite or any other direction, so soon as this ceased to influence him.

He had commenced life as a Tory, but as Whiggery became fashionable, adopted Whiggish principles to a "certain extent," as he used to say, the certainty being highly problematical, and thus was enabled to conform to the views of either party, as Whig or Tory presented themselves.

The same "happy disposition" extended itself to Doctor Squill's other pursuits in life, and was evident on all occasions when pliability became necessary. He had been at great pains, and experienced no little difficulty in shaping his face to suit the present emergency, as he was in doubt how his intelligence would be received by the Countess Millars and her daughter; that it was of a distressing nature there could be no doubt, but this was not the question, he was bound rather to consider what effect it would produce on the Countess Millars in the first degree, and on her daughters in the second degree.

As his intended information bore rather unfavourably on the proposed marriages of her daughters, it was natural to suppose that the Countess Millars would be disappointed, if not distressed, to hear the tidings which he had to communicate, but as one of the "high contracting parties" was still on his legs, although they might be his "last ones," there was still considerable hope there, and as his information regarded, the other would operate to save her from an alliance which was now becoming doubtful, and might be unfortunate, there was some reason to rejoice and not to grieve. It was, therefore, a difficult matter for Doctor Squill to decide what countenance he should wear on the occasion; for several hours previously did he balance between the gay, the sad, and the indifferent, and it was only after the most mature consideration that he appeared in that "sombre hue" in which he appeared, as announced in a previous chapter.

Ardently did he wish that he could so frame his visage as to combine these three elements in its composition; but this he found to be a physical impossibility, as his several features refused to act but in concord: if it were otherwise he could have so arranged his mouth, eyes, and features generally as to indicate in some place or another one of the expressions he desired to communicate.

But however expressive a shake of the head may be in the hands of an intelligent actor, and directed to an imaginative audience, Doctor Squill found a capacity of expression such as he desired irreconcileable to that arrangement of features which Nature had dispensed to him, and therefore adopted the "sad" in deference to the usages of society, which requires a proportionate elongation of the countenance when the serious illness of one person and the pecuniary embarrassment

of another are announced; he was thus on the safe side, and whatever reception might be awarded to him by the Countess Millars, he could fall back on the natural state of his "feelings," as the bearer of such affecting intelligence, to plead as an apology for any error he might possibly commit in the expression of his countenance.

The embarrassment thus felt by the worthy Doctor was increased upon his entrance to the parlour, in the presence of his patroness and her daughters, as he immediately perceived that their humour at present was in favour of the mirthful, and not the sorrowful, the events of the preceding night having been peculiarly gratifying to all parties. To break in thus on their joyous hours, and act as the bearer of intelligence that would tend to raise other feelings was immediately felt by him to be a disagreeable occupation, and gladly would the Doctor have retreated from the meeting and postponed his information to a more convenient season.

But this was impossible; he had come unexpectedly, and at a somewhat earlier hour than usual, and could not depart without some explanation regarding his visit.

Having saluted his patroness and the Lady Millars, and received their salutations in return, he took his seat, and with considerable tact opened the conversation by an enquiry respecting the ball of the preceding night.

"I hope your ladyship is quite recovered from the fatigue of last night?"

"O perfectly so doctor, although my task was no easy one. The fashionable world expected so much from me that I found it necessary to exert myself to the utmost that the ball should "go off" with satisfaction; and indeed I may say I have every reason to believe that such was the case. Is it not so my dear?"

"Oh, quite so," replied Lady Madeline, "I am sure I was quite delighted with the ball, and all present seemed to be equally so, it was by far the most brilliant and the most agreeable ball of the season."

"So, indeed, it appears to have been," responded the Doctor, "the papers give a most flattering account of it, and the 'Morning Post,' especially, declares it to have been composed of the *élite* of the fashionable world, and to have eclipsed all the preceding balls of the season."

"Does it so indeed?" interrupted the Countess Millars. "I am quite delighted to hear it—let me see."

On saying this, the Countess Millars took up the "Morning Post" from the table, and read aloud the account which it contained of the festivities of the preceding night, in which her own name was mentioned with approbation, and her exertions noticed in the most flattering terms.

"This is indeed delightful!" exclaimed the Countess Millars. "What a blessing is a free press in a country! I am sure Lady Snopley will be quite shocked when she reads this."

"It will be a bitter draught to her," interposed Doctor Squill; "quite as good as a dose of gentian."

"Only I fear, doctor," added the Countess, "it will not improve her appetite much."

"Not very likely, your ladyship, and in that the gentian has the advantage."

"She is an envious creature," added the Countess Millars, "and would have been better pleased to have heard of a failure.—Is there any thing new this morning, doctor?"

This direct and somewhat abrupt appeal to the doctor on the purport of his visit was truly unfortunate; he had expected that he had diverted her ladyship's attention, and was taken by surprise at the enquiry. With some little confusion he replied:—

"Why yes, your ladyship, something not quite so agreeable; a little of the bitters to mix with the sweets of life, and so make up a varied compound."

"Lord Totter indisposed again?"

"Rather so, your ladyship; another attack of the gout, made too free the day before yesterday, ventured down stairs contrary to my express injunction, and was seized the same evening with rather an acute attack. But I trust I do not alarm Lady Jane."

"Oh! not at all, doctor," replied Lady Jane Millars, with an earnestness and vivacity that clearly indicated she was rather pleased than alarmed at her suitor's illness.

"No danger, I hope," interposed the Countess.

"I fear there is, as I have had a consultation this morning on his case with two other of the fraternity, who seem to be somewhat alarmed; but, as the attack has not yet reached the stomach, I have some hopes of his recovery."

Doctor Squill just steered within the limits of truth in making the announcement that he had "some hopes" of his patient, as it is a recognised principle in the profession that "whilst there is life there is hope," and one which he generally

adopted as leaving him some means of escape in those untoward cases which sometimes recovered in spite of his expectations and his physic. But the amount of hope which he entertained for his patient was as limited as possible, and in this case the serious illness of Lord Totter left no room for anything but the shadow of a hope.

The effects produced on the Countess Millars and her daughters, by the announcement of Lord Totter's illness, were extremely different. Lady Madeline glanced slily towards Lady Jane with a smile on her lips, and met her sister's glance and corresponding gladness. The Countess Millars was evidently disappointed.

"It is indeed unfortunate," she exclaimed, "as my daughter I fear will be disappointed, and so eligible a match is not to be met with every day. Lord Totter's wealth and position in society rendered him an acquisition to the first family in the kingdom. You see, Lady Jane, what an opportunity you have lost; had you accepted Lord Totter's offer at first, you might now have been his wife."

"Perhaps his widow, mama."

"Even so, his widow, and the possessor of his princely estates, or a handsome dowry of ten thousand a-year. I declare the girls of the present day are quite provoking; instead of obeying their parents' instructions, they must needs have a will of their own, and lose the most favourable opportunities. It is in vain to exert one's self, or endeavour to settle one's family in life, when every effort is thwarted by the opposition of those whom we desire to benefit. I expect Lady Madeline will be equally unfortunate, and lose the hand of Lord Wiltram by her obstinacy."

"I have not rejected his offer, mama."

"No, my dear, nor have you accepted it; but you must decide immediately, as the proposal has been spoken of among our friends, and has been even hinted at in the "Post," although such liberties should not be allowed to the press in this or indeed any country."

"Lady Madeline's hesitation may not be a cause of regret," interposed Doctor Squill,

"How so?" enquired the Countess Millars.

"I fear Lord Wiltram has become seriously involved in the railway speculations of the day."

Had Doctor Squill turned towards Lady Madeline at that moment, he would not have completed the sentence; her eyes

were fixed on him, her countenance grew pale, and with bated breath and beating heart, she eagerly listened to the words which fell from his lips.

"Indeed," continued the doctor, unconscious of Lady Madeline's fixed attention, "I have it from good authority, that the railway in which he is so deeply interested is only a bubble, brought forward by designing speculators, and that the greater part of his property will become involved."

Lady Madeline rose suddenly from her seat, and attempted to leave the room; but her steps faltered, and she fell fainting into her mother's arms.

"My child—my Madeline—my dear!" exclaimed the Countess Millars, "you are not ill—speak dear—what is the matter?—why do you not speak to me?"

Doctor Squill took the fainting girl from her mother's arms, and laid her gently on the sofa, whilst Lady Jane Millars, without reflection, rang the bell violently, and rushed to her sister's assistance.

Fortunately, by Doctor Squill's assistance, and the use of a little hartshorn, Lady Madeline had recovered from the faint before the servants entered the room, so that the nature of her complaint, as well as its cause was equally unknown to them.

As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, she was assisted from the sofa, and, leaning on the arms of her mother and sister, she was supported to her bedroom, whither she was followed in a few moments by Doctor Squill.

His professional aid was now but little required—Nature came to the relief of the sufferer, who gave vent in a flood of tears to the outpourings of her heart. Doctor Squill could not minister to the "mind diseased," nor quench the flame which burned within, of the existence of which all present, even the "stricken one," was till then unconscious. He contented himself, therefore, with giving orders for the free admission of air into the apartment, and that the patient should be kept quiet till his next visit in the afternoon, when he would bring some medicines with him, and when he intended informing the Countess Millars of the authority from whence he had received the information, the detail of which had been followed by an event so serious, and a disclosure so unexpected by all, but more especially by him and the Countess Millars.

A SKETCH.

(FROM LIFE.)

By M. A. R.

Behold this wretched victim of despair,
Look on her haggard face and eyes that glare,
Upwardly fixed upon the vacant air,
As if the direst woe
That human soul can know,
Momentously expected hovered there,
And quenched all hope of mercy, while the prayer
Of wavering faith flows feebly from her lips
In agonizing accents that declare
How dark and dreadful is the soul's eclipse.

And no one bringeth comfort ———
Priests of God! why come ye not, why close
Your ears unto the death-cry of this soul?
Have ye no strength to calm its awful throes,
No balm to make the wounded spirits whole?
Oh, kindly look upon her piteous face,
And scan each feature well, ye cannot trace
The print of hoary sin or shameless crime—
'Tis a young mother in the vernal prime
Of life's most lovely season, whom the breath
Of scorching Fever smiteth unto death!

And moaning by her side,
Rest the glad objects of her pride,
Her infants lingering lie, and all alone,
And on her anguished ear rings groan on groan,
And no one bringeth comfort ———
Heed ye not, Pastors, the divine command,
Whose echoes still pervade the weary land,
And bid ye still regard the lowly band
Of Poverty's sad children, ere it sweep
In vengeance o'er your houses—"Feed my sheep."

LOVE THAT FADES NOT.

By M. W. H.

Alas! I know Time brings decay,
And Beauty!—even thine—must fade;
Who can expect the charms of May
When winter's blasts the fields invade?

But mine's the Love that will outlast
The stormy as the sunny hour,
And cling the closer, though the blast
Shall on it waste its restless power.

There's still a beauty of the mind,
Which blooms when all the rest are gone,
Oh! may its fadeless wreaths be twin'd
To bind our mingling souls in one.

Then shall I cherish in this breast,
Thee—lovely flow'r when drooped and fading,
Thy grief I'll share or lull to rest,
And shield thee from the world's upbraiding.

SILENT GRIEF.

By W. L. H.

Nay, cease to ask the reason why
I cannot gaily smile to-night,—
Why gloom alone affects mine eye,
When all around are glad and bright!

My bosom owns a silent grief,
That even thou canst never share,
Too stern for smiles to give relief,
Since thine must pass unheeded there!

But dim not, love, that eye for me,
On others happier let it shine,
The last—worst pang must prove to see
One cloud reflected there from mine!

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE LIFE OF MISS SERAPHINA SPARERIB, THE VIRGIN WHO "BREATHED WITH THE PURPOSE!"

By W. B. Bateman.

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? Aye by St. Anne, and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth too!"

Shakspere.

In the second pair back, of a second-rate house, up a second-rate street, leading into Holborn, dwelt Miss Seraphina Sparerib, the virgin who *breathed with the purpose!*

In person the Sparerib was lean and long, in face she was stern as an Egyptian Sphynx, in dress she was classically severe. No artificial contrivance, such as ordinary women love, expanded her form into the roundness of unreal contour. She was full of points as a porcupine, and as deaf as a figure at Madame Tussaud's; her nose supported a pair of green spectacles, her hands were swathed in lugubrious-looking mulberry mittens.

Had Seraphina belonged to the *fair* as well as the "soft" sex, she would probably have lived contentedly in the unambitious performance of those duties which form the heirloom of the young women of England. She would have flirted with young officers in the Guards, and have worked altar cloths for the young parson of the parish, and if unmarried at thirty, she would then have conceived a penchant for Exeter Hall, and white neck-clothed missionaries bound to Timbuctoo.

But painfully aware that neither Venus nor the Graces had presided at her birth, the Sparerib expressed foul scorn of beauty's perishing allurements, and became instead, a creature "all mind," whose high-souled sarcasms on human frailty were poured forth every month in the Spitfire Magazine.

Like many other pseudo-regenerators of mankind, our heroine was not of the blandest temperament. The maid of all-work hated her "wurser than pison," and attributed all souring of milk, and acidulation of table-beer to the thunder-and-lightning glances of the second-pair-back. Little children burst out crying when she looked at them,—printers' devils sat making faces at her while they waited for copy. The waiter who brought her dinner, consisting of a mutton chop, a piece of stale bread, and a pint of mild porter, from the tavern opposite, stigmatized her to the maid, whom he was

accustomed to kiss on his way down stairs, as the "cantankerous old cat in copper curls." The baker hated her for her mathematical precision in checking his accounts, the butcher detested her because in the purchase of meat she insisted upon deductions for bone. The bachelor in the two-pair-front condemned her optics daily, and consigned her mentally to all sorts of torrid latitudes, in revenge for her complaints regarding his innocent habit of smoking in bed, and his tender partiality to the German flute. In short, the Spareribb was about as pleasant as a flea in a feather bed during a hot night in June, or an eruption of Christmas bills upon the last dreary day in December.

One morning, Mr. Griggs—the aforesaid bachelor in the two-pair-front—had finished the herring and half-and-half which constituted his breakfast, and was smoking his blackened Meerschaum out of window, when the house and inmates were shaken by that dire infliction, a postman's double knock. The maid descended, and panting reappeared with a packet for the Spareribb, containing the proofs of her forthcoming article, "A word to Wives," and there were also a couple of epistles for Mr. Griggs, which he sat down on the edge of his bed to peruse forthwith.

The first was a letter from his father, announcing that a parcel of game had been addressed to him by the mail, and winding up with an earnest exhortation to attend to his studies and keep his feet dry. It also enclosed a ten-pound note, the gift of which was on no account to be mentioned to his mother, as she discountenanced extravagance. It further contained however, an envelope slily slipped in by his mama, conveying a great deal of good advice, and another note of precisely similar amount, which he was never to mention to his father, as that worthy gentleman was wearied out of patience with the reckless expenditure of his only son. Mr. Griggs clasped the welcome remittances to his bosom, vowed religious secresy to both parents, and opened his second missive.

That was very different in its complexion. The envelope was of rosette delicacy; the characters were light as the step of a fairy, not even the perspiring grasp of the postman had evaporated the "Bouquet de Millefleurs" with which it was profusely perfumed. Mademoiselle Violette, the pet of Her Majesty's ballet, desired the company of her "cher Monsieur Griggs to supper that evening. Her liege lord—*le tyran*—was gone to a soirée at the Marquis of Humdrumderry's, she

had taken the opportunity to ask a friend or two,—would "l'aimable Dick Griggs" be of the party?

Of course Dick Griggs would. He pressed the *billet doux* to his lips with a gallant salute, threw *Blackstone's Commentaries* into the fireplace, and *Coke upon Littleton* under the bed, dressed himself with studious care, put the ten-pound notes into his pocket, and sallied forth to the coach-office.

The rapidity of Mr. Griggs's movements, who was generally of a lounging disposition, may be attributed to the prospect of a good dinner, or to the attraction of the prettiest pair of dark eyes that ever graced a French *danseuse*; but there was something more than this in his present excitation; he had conceived a scheme for utterly confounding the Spararib, and revenging himself for all contumelies, past, present, and to come.

With this intent he secured the game, and bore it off as a present for Violette, to the snug little retreat where her admirer had placed her at Brompton. He found her at home, and after a great deal of "*Mon Dieu*ing" over the gorgeous pheasants and hare, and after receiving in retnrn a handsome salute on both cheeks, they sat down to talk over his scheme.

It would detain us too long were we to attempt to record the conversation that ensued, more especially as it was interrupted at frequent intervals by a necessity evinced on the part of Mr. Griggs, to look into the eyes of Violette, and salute her dimpled cheek again, as if oblivious that he had already performed the ceremony. Suffice it that the fair *danseuse* brought out the card of invitation which her lover, The Honourable Augustus Dunflyer had received for the Marquis's soirée, and having procured one exactly similar from the fancy stationer's opposite, Mr. Griggs, who could imitate anything and anybody, from a popular preacher to a penny showman, proceeded to engross a fac-simile. The Marquis of Humdrumderry desired the favor of Miss Seraphina Spararib's company at his conversazione that evening; her address had been mislaid by his secretary, or the card would have been sent earlier. Violette's page, a youth in brown cloth and brass buttons, was despatched with the *billet* properly sealed and addressed, and his secrecy having been purchased for five shillings, and paid for on the spot, the card was faithfully delivered at its destination.

Great was the astonishment, tremulous was the agitation of the Spararib upon its receipt. She read it first *through* her

green spectacles; then, half doubtful, she cocked the glasses up on her forehead, and perused it with her natural eyes. No! there was no flaw. The high-souled Spareribb took off the mulberry mittens, and sank into an arm chair and into a pensive reverie at the same moment. The invitation was a silent offering at the altar of literature. At last merit had earned its meed of fame, not in vain had she breathed with lofty purpose, not unmarked had been her outpourings in the Spitfire Magazine. And other speculations followed, during which her stern aspect grew more feminine, and she was all the woman. In what attire should the great authoress appear in the noble's halls? She had eaten her mutton chop, finished her pint of porter, and impressed the waiter with a conviction of her insanity by giving him a penny for himself before she arrived at her final resolve, which was, to wear the cerulean silk that had so often adorned her person at the literary evenings of the Baroness de Caterpillar.

The next step was to send the maid to Ginger, a cab proprietor with the Cyclopean characteristic of one eye, who lived over the way, in order to secure the bottle-green private fly, which was chartered by the Spareribb on great occasions. A hint was added that the driver must pay unusual regard to his attire, in consequence whereof his wife washed out his tenpenny Berlin gloves, and ironed up his red pocket handkerchief, to serve as a neckcloth, while the charioteer, flushed with the prospect of a job, retired to fortify himself at the tap.

The afternoon advanced amid much confusion of millinery, for the dressmaker next door, having promised to walk out with her young man, was not to be had on any terms whatever. Then the blockhead of a perruquier, instead of coming himself, would send his apprentice to deck her hair. The only pair of white gloves she had, split across the palm when she tried them on; and at length, such was her agitation, that when the tea appeared, she called the maid a minx, and the dressmaker a hussy, and then sat down to have a good cry, after which, she felt relieved, and betook herself to the muffins.

Every sorrow however, has a climax as well as every joy, and lo! the queer frame of the Spareribb was adorned at last as becomingly as its singularities would permit. The perruquier had made the best of her scanty ringlets of iron grey; the gloves were re-stitched, the cerulean silk showed splendid as it was wont, and the flyman waiting at the door did not seem

by any means more drunk than usual. So, to the frantic rapture of Mr. Griggs, who had come home on purpose to see "the start," she sallied forth from the two-pair-back about ten o'clock, and drove off amid a dull suicidal mizzle, to the fashionable residence of the Marquis of Humdrumderry.

Not however even here was the lucky star of the Sparerib destined to ride in the ascendant. The path was not strewed with flowers, except flowers of rhetoric; for the charioteer having been up every night during the season, frozen with sleet, soddened with rain, and sleepless as Hamlet's ghost, he drove the bottle-green fly along Holborn with an indecision that elicited many execrations upon himself and upon his fare. Omnibus drivers cursed him by their Gods for keeping on the wrong side, cabmen reccommended him to go and fetch his nurse, but still he pursued his course with cynical indifference. Nor had music itself any charms to soothe his savage soul, for, before they reached their destination, he drove against a massive street organ, to the confusion of the puppets that performed various evolutions in the glass front, and to the discomfiture of the grinder, who was knocked off his perch and rolled ignominiously in the mud.

At length they reached Piccadilly, and fell without further mishap into the stream of carriages already bearing towards the mansion of the noble Marquis. The bottle-green fly paused in its turn at the thronged portal, the blinds flew up, the steps banged down, the card was presented, and lo! the Sparerib stood in the reception rooms of Humdrumderry House!

So numerous was the assembly that the announcement even of *her* illustrious name excited little notice. She sank into a fauteil unheeded, and proceeded to take a survey of the guests. Everybody who was anybody had been gathered into that one focus. But it was not a mere jingle of rank and title; the Marquis had a rage for notabilities, and played the patron. Nothing was too motley for him if it were but celebrated. He had feted for a whole season the supposed author of a book proving men to have been originally monkeys, and he had dedicated an entertainment expressly to the glorification of Tom Thumb. The whistling oyster had piped in his drawing room, the ærial machine had broken its inventor's neck in his country grounds. On the present occasion the guests were as miscellaneous as usual. There were noble blue-stockings who lisped of Voltaire in bad French, and magnificent aristocrats playing the lord among wits, and the wit among lords. Rival

editors chatted together with familiar fondness, thinking all the time how they would cut each other up in their next articles. Moth-eaten antiquarians peeped into quaint folios provided for their behoof; artists lounged about picking up subjects for caricature; Italian violinists, who were all beard like a bad oyster, shot forth inspired glances; and Germany had sent there many a genius who did not appear particularly well washed, except in point of jewellery, which was washed with gold.

But irrespective of the Sparerib, there was another lion in Humdrumderry House that night, whom the Marquis had *not* invited.

A certain "picker-up of unconsidered trifles," known among the light-fingered fraternity as the Gentleman Cracksman, had indulged in a round of dissipation by attending professionally the parties of the nobility. By dint of a prepossessing exterior, a French ease of manner acquired during his practice among Parisian pocket-handkerchiefs, and a natural taste for polite society, he had contrived, with forged invitations, and sometimes with none at all, to insinuate himself into several first-rate houses during the season. That morning he read the announcement of the Marquis's soirée in *The Post*, and having determined to attend, his bijouterie was sent for from the pawnbroker's, his white waistcoat was got up by his "blowen," and in much the same way as had been unconsciously adopted by the Sparerib, he now stood beside that lofty virgin, conversing blandly to her of the philosophy of human life.

"Our existence is a mistake!" sighed Seraphina, in reply to a burst of golden eloquence fervidly poured forth by the Cracksman; "we love fever instead of calm, we pursue pleasure instead of happiness, the bane of life is that we miss our destiny!"

"Too true!" he replied. "Few of us chance to find the position for which we are fit. I myself,—but no matter—"

He paused suddenly.

"Intellectual creature," thought the Sparerib; "perhaps even *he* has some withering sorrow,—some painful chord on which I have touched!"

The fact was, that the Cracksman's eye, being always alive to business, had fallen upon a small golden timepiece, richly jewelled, which had been presented to the Marquis by Ali Pasha. It appeared very convenient for the pocket, and though it had been slow all day it was going fast enough—into

the Gentleman Cracksman's possession, when lo! the Marquis's steward stepped in between him and the Spareribs.

"I believe this is your card of entrée," said that functionary, holding it to the Cracksman with a smile of deadly politeness.

The gentleman surveyed it through his eye-glass, and believed it was.

"And this, Madam, I believe is yours?" he said, presenting Mr. Griggs's fac-simile to the Spareribs.

Seraphina nodded her assent.

"You are doubtless aware that they are both forgeries!" continued the steward with the same tone of placid malice.

"Forgeries!" exclaimed the Marquis, who had been attracted by this unusual interruption.

"Forgeries!" shrieked the Spareribs hysterically.

"Precisely, my Lord," answered the steward. "This gentleman's errand is perfectly well known, he is an old acquaintance of the police, and will find himself quite at home in Bridewell for a few months."

"Good Heavens! this is some horrid dream!" cried the agonized Seraphina.

"No, no, yer dont, my slippery one!" said the first of two officers in plain clothes, darting in upon the Cracksman, as he dashed towards the door, and pinioning his arms. "You're a bird as has been a *leetle* too wild; it'll do you good just to moult them fine feathers, and roost awhile in the cage."

The Gentleman Cracksman's pockets were then turned out, and various little articles of value, besides the timepiece, were found deposited there as souvenirs of his visit. The steward took Seraphina by the hand.

"Where are we going?" exclaimed the virgin who breathed with the purpose.

"To fulfil our destiny!" replied the Cracksman, who was game to the last, and he was borne down stairs on his way to the police office.

And there stood the Spareribs, pale as a moonbeam, her iron-grey ringlets erect with horror, her knees bending atlas-like beneath the stigma of infamy, her lofty countenance dotted with profuse globules of cold perspiration. Speechless with agony, she was moving hastily from the room, when her eye fell upon two new arrivals. One was the Honorable Augustus Dunflyer, the other Mr. Douglas Spume, the editor of the Spitfire Magazine. She rushed towards the latter, seized him by the hand, and, uttering a shriek in piercing treble, fell fainting at his feet.

The editor, though unable to account for the presence of his high-souled contributor, gave ample testimony to her ignorance of the wily Cracksman. So all sorts of restoratives were administered, and when she was sufficiently recovered, the Marquis politely sent her home in his own carriage, the Spare-rib's charloteer being in a state of beery oblivion at a neighbouring public-house.

The Honorable Augustus Dunflyer just staid long enough to gather the particulars of the adventure from the assembled guests, and then hurried off to his club to have the first telling of so rich a *contretems*. Having scattered it among his friends there, and elicited much diversion at the expense of the Sparerib, he re-entered his cab, and drove off to his little sly box at Brompton. It was the very tale for Violette,—she would die with laughter.

The door happened to be open when he drove up, so he brushed past the astonished page in buttons, leaped up stairs three at a time, opened the door of her saloon, and there—amid the merry laughter of actors and coryphées, and the fumes of champagne, and the smoke of multitudinous segarettas—sat Mr. Griggs upon the table with Violette's bonnet on, singing the Marseillaise to her admiring company. The Honorable Dunflyer returned to his cab without a syllable. He had supped with the pet of the ballet for the last time.

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Next morning, Mr. Griggs awoke with a bilious head-ache, and a remorseful consciousness that his ten pound notes had evanesced into *patés de foie gras, vin de champagne*, and the smoke of segarettas.

La Violette received an intimation from the Honorable Augustus Dunflyer, that henceforth, her drafts upon his bankers, would not meet with the formality of payment.

The Marquis of Humdrumderry was so tortured by enquiries of friends, and squibs in the newspapers, that he broke up his establishment prematurely and went off to Florence. The Gentleman Cracksman was despatched at the expense of Government to acquire a less questionable code of ethics in a distant colony; and Miss Seraphina Sparerib took lodgings for a fortnight amid the secluded solitudes of Herne Bay, there to soothe her wounded spirit apart from mankind, and to lucubrate articles more wasp-like than ever in the vehemence that "breathes with a purpose."

THE BLIND KING.

A BALLAD.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF L. UHLAND.)

WHY stands the northern warrior band
High on the ocean's shore?
What does the blind King on the strand,
His white hair floating o'er?
Supported on his staff the while,
With anguish deep he cries:—
His voice it echoes thro' the isle,
And from the sea doth rise:—

"Robber! from thy deep dungeon
My daughter quick release!
Her harp, her song of sweetest tone,
Were my old age's peace.
From the dance upon the strand
Thou'st stolen her away;
On thee shall light shame's lasting brand,
On me the curled hair grey."

* * * * *

Then stepping forth from out his cave,
The Robber tall and wild,
On high his giant-sword doth wave,
And beats upon his shield:—
"Thou hast num'rous guards around,
Why was it suffered then?
Beside thee warriors are found,
Will none her rescue gain?"

The warriors stir not from the ground,
And answer make they none;
The blind King turns himself around:—
"Am I then all alone?"
Then hot upon his father's right,
His youthful son at length:—
"Prithee give me leave to fight,
For I've both arms and strength."

"My son, our foe hath giant's might,
And nought can him withstand;
But yet, in thee there's valour bright,
I feel it in my hand.
Now hold thee fast this ancient glave,
For 'tis of scaldic steel;
And if thou fallest the white wave
The old man's fate shall seal!"

And hearken! it doth foam and glide,
The frail bark on the sea;
The blind King stands, list'ning wide,
And all's tranquillity;
Till on the new shore arose
Of shield and sword the sound,
And warlike whoops and deadly blows,
Echoing were around.

The old man cries with anxious word!—
"Say, what do you behold?
For by that sound I know my sword,
Its blows are sharp and bold.
"The Robber is defeated,
His dire reward has come;
Hail to thee, thou hero-head,
The King's most valiant son!"

And all is silent on the lea,
The Royal listener stands:—
"What hear I coming o'er the sea?
Rowing towards the strand."
"Towards us, good sire, they throng,
Thy son with sword and shield;
And with sun-bright tresses long,
Thy daughter fair Gunild."

"Welcome!"—from the rock above
The blind King cries aloud—
"Now will mine old age joyful prove,
And glorious my shroud.
Son, gird thee at my side, I pray,
The trusty sword so strong;
And thou Gunild, at length set free,
Chaunt me the fun'ral song."

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

By an Artist.

One addition to the comforts of cockneys, especially those who may chance to journey towards Waterloo Bridge, or may reside in its neighbourhood, was the reduction of the toll from one penny to a halfpenny at this bridge; not that a penny was a very serious sum for such a pleasant promenade, but that a penny, in these times of cheap everything—but *law*—will enable its possessor to purchase one or more articles from an immense variety spread before him in the shops of London—that vast industrial exhibition, and tempting him in voluptuous profusion in the Lowther Arcade.

Penny Magazines, from Whig and Tory partisans, have now passed away in silence to the trunk-makers and butter-shops: the more the pity! since their place has been supplied by a vicious literature—a guide to the Old Bailey. But Penny Magazines have done the state good service, and have spread an immense amount of general knowledge upon interesting subjects among the lower classes of the community. This is not the place for an examination of the talent and capital combined upon the cheap periodicals published by Charles Knight and J. W. Parker, which, in itself, would involve the writing of an article of no inconsiderable length, and afford matter for surprise to many, who have no conception of the cost and labour bestowed upon the illustrations, by which means wood engraving has risen to a much higher rank in Art than it ever had before. While speaking of penny literature, the Cyclopædia, all Chambers' books may be considered in the same category; Nelson's tracts appear astonishing by their quality and cheapness: while a penny for a *play-bill*, twopence for ditto, or sixpence for ditto, according to where it may be purchased, is equally astonishing. Whether we consider the impudence of the seller, or the verdant hue of the sellee, this is, beyond dispute, the dearest specimen of *literature* extant.

Well, half the sum will admit us to a Panorama, which will cheer the spirits, and make an Englishman feel it both a happiness and an honour to have been born in Old England, notwithstanding its burdens of taxation, taxeaters, Radicals, and Chartists. The sunbeams dance upon the river's rippled surface, dazzling one's eyes with myriads of stars restless as the tiny waves. St. Paul's, half clad in fog, rears its lofty

head over countless bustling mortals wriggling through the mud and smoke below, and displays its airy lodging—the crow's nest on the very top of the cross—for the ordnance surveyors. What a grand feature in the picture is St. Paul's! the very thing that Canaletti, or Guardi, or Turner the Gigantic, would have introduced by way of a focus for the church architecture, giving a principal mass, and contrasting the lines of the bridges. The mighty dome of St. Paul's becomes mightier still, by comparison with the little sneaking wretches of spires and steeples sticking up their noses above the bricks and mortar of warehouses, steam chimneys, wharfs, shot manufactories—the latter very pretty and useful objects to the painter.

We turn to the other side of the bridge, while the Bridesmaid and Bridegroom, the Starlight, Moonlight, and other steam-boats rush under the arches beneath us, not deigning to mix with, or stay at the same piers with, the halfpenny voyagers in the Ant and Bee—the poor *Cricket*ers' blowing-up being now forgotten. Here again is another Panorama, beating hollow Bouton, Daguerre, Burford, or any panorama artist of any date or of any country—the light and elegant suspension bridge, displaying its catenary curves, its platform vibrating with the passengers, and the Italianesque towers supporting the fabric. What a capital place either of these abused towers would be for a camera obscura to be fixed in! This is a hint which some fortunate speculator might take, and be grateful for.

Behind this bridge, is the older one of Westminster, which, in time, will be Gothicized, or Barryized, to harmonise, if possible, with the Abbey's grey grandeur, and its flaunting rival, the House of Lords—a long line of windows and weathercocks, with nothing to carry the eye upwards. But turn a little to the right, and "then you shall see"—What? The column erected to the memory of the soft, very good-natured Duke of York, whose effigy is some part of the way to heaven at any rate,—according to the ideas of good boys and girls; but according to those of the bondholders of his late Royal Highness, and sundry critics of the day, out of the reach of his creditors. Turn a little more to the right, and there is the pride of England, Nelson; who, while glorified like a demi-god by the nation, and recently stuck on the top of a huge candlestick, carried in his heart a canker which rendered him the most unhappy of men,—separated from his wife, and conscience-stricken, by reason of his connexion with the beautiful, fascinating, but licentious, Ann Hart, an Academy model, of

whom the scandalous chronicles say much. She became famous, or infamous, as Lady Hamilton, the wife of Sir William Hamilton; the benefactress to the British Fleet; the mistress of Nelson; and the murderess of Prince Carraccioli. Her beautiful features and expression still survive in the pictures by Reynolds, West, Romney, and the gems by Marchant and Brown.

Hungerford Pier, and its busy scene! The Adelphi next succeeds, bringing to our remembrance John and James Adam—architects, to whose taste much of the improved appearance of our street architecture is due. Who can think of the Adelphi, without associating with that name the Society of Arts? the early patrons of Science and Art, and the conservators of the greatest work of the English school, notwithstanding the humbug of Germanism, early Italian Art, and the mysteries of modern criticism. Those who have not yet seen these great productions of English Art, had better take the earliest opportunity of visiting the great room of the Society of Arts, which, in compliance with the spirit of the times, is liberally opened free to all who apply: there they will see what an Englishman—for an Irishman is the same, or ought to be—could do without money, without patrons, abused and reviled by the Royal Academy, driven by a beggarly set of tuft-hunting, smiling sycophants from the post of honour, and ejected from that Academy, not for palming off a picture painted by another artist as his own, and imposing upon a public body, no; but for maintaining (with no doubt some crudity of manner) that independence of spirit—that dignity which is always associated with a truly great mind in the pursuit of excellence in any profession. Dr. Johnson, however,—were any encomium necessary—has left us his testimony to the excellence of these works: "Whatever may be the faults of the painting," said he, "the *mind* has done its work."

This brings us to the pay-gate, and again to the bridge upon which we were enjoying these beautiful panoramic views of London. Beyond all doubt, a halfpenny stroll on the fine broad pavement of Waterloo Bridge,—never dirty in any weather—sufficiently used to link us to the busy world—no fear of being jostled into the highway, and run over by waggons, town carts, strings of omnibuses, cabs, or other vehicles—the inviting seats—projecting balconies—all combine to make it one of the most delightful promenades in or about London. We can here inhale fresh air, and indulge to our heart's con-

tent in grave or melancholy ideas: sometimes, indeed, the police reports will cross our minds, and we shudder on reflecting that, perhaps from the very seat whereon we are revelling in the beauteous scene before us lighted up with brilliant touches of sunlight, making us thank our God for the serene mind and joyous health, by which our sense of enjoyment is perfected, the sad thought will intrude upon us, that, perhaps from that very seat, sprung last night, a child of sorrow,—her feelings for this world, her hopes and fears of the next, lost—buried beneath a load of wrong and suffering,—abandoned, and abandoning—even her babe; she plunges into the black waters; a splash—a small whirlpool, suffice to mark the spot, where the daughter, the mother, but *not* the *wife*, has closed a life of misery.

Why! even Punch has found out the delights of the promenade. Punch has accordingly invested one halfpenny, combining thereby business with pleasure, and the satirical dog is playing off his old pranks amidst a merry group of young boys and girls as well as old boys and girls. Poor human nature! how truly do the boasting, the trickery, and the villainy of Punch "hold up the mirror!" Now one delights—wickedly though—when he rolls his squalling little wretch of a child to death, finishes it off by knocking its little wooden head on the framework of the theatre, and exultingly tosses it into the musician's hat. Then Judy leads him such a devil of a life, but in the chance medley which follows, Judy gives him as good as he brings; she is a shocking shrew, and meets her fate accordingly. Punch has sympathies—he has repentant moments—but, like a true hero, on the approach of danger he discards them at once, and is more than equal to the exigency. Sallabala he utterly defies and vanquishes; he cares not one rush for Church nor State; he is dignified with the hangman, chivalrously disdaining to use his *batôn*, but just condescending merely to a little cunning, with a great show of modesty, and affected ignorance, he hangs the hangman. Poetical justice is, however, done—provided the audience will pay for it—by a sort of tent scene in Richard the Third: Punch has a fit of the horrors, and dodges up and down to avoid the Devil and his works; but at last, like all villains, his conscience becomes his hell—Macbeth-like, his soul becomes subdued—he cannot stand supernatural fun, and, in the end, the Devil *does* carry him away, to the delight of all the beholders, great and small, who laugh, jump, clap their hands, and shout again, while two or

three elderly persons throw their halfpence into the showman's hat, and, with a grave, reflecting expression of features, slowly walk away. N.B. All Jim Crows, Mary Blanes, niggers, and such importations, are impositions, and do not belong to the genuine morality in which our friend Punch is the "star." Never give anything to those fellows who degrade the Drama by such nonsensical interpretations.

The bridge now brings us to the unpicturesque regions of the Waterloo Road: but here a stand must be made, opposite Mr. Cottingham's house, where are collected string courses, mouldings, finials, crosses, shields, heraldic figures, and other specimens of antiquities, treasured up by the taste of this gentleman. The house itself is a museum, affording a rich antiquarian treat to all who are favoured with an inspection of its contents.

The *New* Cut, one would imagine was as *old* as the flood, if our judgment were to be formed from the tumble-down buildings about here. Decay and squalor are everywhere apparent: shops, built with crazy boarding, project from the houses, each a sort of bazaar for the sale of every imaginable article, from a wedding ring to a coil of rope, from dice to pistols. When a breath of air chances to insinuate its way through the thick vapours of this place, the saws, axes, shovels, teaboards and trays dangling, from the beams, perform a horrid concert, something akin to those efforts at the legitimate drama performed by aspiring youths in Jack Sheppard's costume with the pleasing accompaniments of fetters, and duly paraded in the bills of the Victoria as a "hornpipe in fetters." Leaving these sad memoranda of desolated homes, broken hearts, broken fortunes, and its legion of miseries, a few minutes' walk leads to the Surrey theatre. A long piece of carpet torn up from the gay saloon, flaunting in the air, with a large posting-bill fastened on it, informs all passers by, that the entire fittings are to be sold by auction, "without reserve." There is something peculiarly wretched about the appearance of the interior of a theatre in the daytime—everything is wrong—patches of light flow in from places no one would suspect to be possible when seen at night. The dull chandelier, like the dulness of ignorance, wants the illuminating touch to shed its rays upon thousands of spectators; boxes, pit, and gallery—dark, darker, darkest; an orchestra, but no musician; the stage dark and cold; wings flown away; flats wrongly paired—half a palace, half a prison, with a practicable balcony to Juliet's chamber;

the stage open to the back, with a large door wide open, bringing into one view Art and Nature—the fiction of the stage with the reality of a second-floor cooking his sausages;—how different all this to the gay scene at night! Certainly, the greatest contrasts are to be found in stage affairs! Macbeth bullied by his washerwoman, Coriolanus mending his trousers, are not more miserably ridiculous than the tinsel, dirt, smells, and the desolate appearance by daylight of an "elegant and attractive place of entertainment, nightly visited by countless thousands, many of whom were unable to obtain admission." On this occasion, several gentlemen with catalogues in hand paraded the stage; hook noses, swarthy complexions, curling locks resplendent and black with bear's grease, a perfect mine of mosaic gold manufactured into chains, studs, seals, rings, brooches, &c., bedecked gent's vests, gent's paletôts, superior ditto,—the animated figure within bearing unmistakeable marks of "de peoplsh," the whole Israelitish yard and a-half of humanity topped with a Paris velvet, only "four and nine." These vultures hovered over every article on view; one playing "Buffalo gals" with one hand on an old consumptive pianoforte, while his friend from the back of the instrument volunteered what he called a bass by punching the bass notes with his fist. An imaginary sale was instituted for the chair of Cæsar, Cato, and all the stage Greeks and Romans that were ever theatrically born: one of the gents inserted his finger under the ermine plush covering of the seat and drew out a handful of hay, upon which the lot was knocked down at a "bob and a tanner." All the dressing tables from all the dressing rooms, with the addition of the steps leading to the palace, the block, or the rack, were arranged to form a table on which to display the lots. Here were state chairs, log seats, cottage chairs, Louis Quatorze chairs in all the pride of pea-green and Dutch metal, tin-foil pier glasses, splendid table ornaments all show (which the Jews would persist in turning the *wrong* side outwards), piles of old music, the crash and thunder now and then heard by fits, varied by tolling the bell, —every facetious "gent" having a turn at them, and finishing by setting up the "rain" right on end, to the surprise of the uninitiated, who imagined from the sound that a pelting shower had suddenly come down.

Traversing the stage over the damp underground residence of Hamlet's daddy, the Bottle Imp, Zamiel, "devils black and devils blue" and "devils of every possible hue," the dressing

room and wardrobe room were found full of visitors. Here lay in heaps, dresses of all kinds, "Roman *togers* and *toonics*, petticoats and cetera," (according to the literary information gained on the spot); blood-red knights, all boots and buttons; tinsel caps and gossamer skirts for the fairies, wings included; clown's suits, like white paper dotted with huge red wafers; harlequins' glittering skins; Hamlet's "suit of sables;" Lady Macbeth's heavy tragedy dress, by the side of a fascinating soubrette's; with an extensive assortment of satin skirts and bodies, maniacs of the woods, Swiss villagers, sylphs, witches, and innumerable other dresses dangled from pegs, all in lots, the value of which appeared to be perfectly known to the Israelitish dealers, the latter of whom were accompanied by splendidly-attired "gents," evidently a cross breed between a mountebank rider and a thimblerigger, and bearing the marks of tan and sawdust.

Even Manager Strutt's den was invaded: the board marked "engaged"—that check to duns—was removed and cast aside as useless. Here were MS. plays, stage directions, a hare's foot and rouge, with patches of powder on a dressing table with a cracked looking glass: there, MS. and printed music stood on every side in huge piles; while presses, desks, and chests were emptied of their various contents, which lay in lots on the floor of this *sanctum sanctorum*.

A dark staircase and a crazy-looking platform, requiring all who crossed it to stoop upon all-fours, led to the flies,—a gallery over the sides of the stage. Here a wilderness of ropes, pulleys, and windlasses met the eye, to which the rigging of a ship seemed only A B C—here are kept fairy cars, enchanters' chariots, and the materials for flying. To the men stationed at this part, the vengeance, hisses, whistling, and yells of the "gods" are directed, when the borders of "sky," "rock," "palace," or "prison," are not sufficiently high to cover the flats below, or to enable the gods in the "highest heaven" to see to the extent of the stage. Little do we mere mortals—"groundlings" of the pit—imagine what a place of dust, ropes, and smells, that beautiful fairy, who ascends to pure ether with the amiable intention of sojourning in the "realms of everlasting bliss," has gone to, and how closely she must wrap her petticoats about her to prevent getting dirty, set fire to, or being entangled in the machinery.

A second ladder leads to the scene room, immediately over the audience portion of the house. Here horrible heads, used

in the last pantomime, gigantic watches, candlesticks, the biggest bass-viol ever seen, magic cars, swans, hobby horses, gigantic shuttlecocks, arms, legs, babies, carrots, shower baths, and warming-pans, all contributed to one enormous heap of comic confusion. Scenes half painted, dozens upon dozens of paint pots and brushes, Dutch metal, colour rubbed upon every square inch of the room, sketches upon all the posts and boards, clearly indicated the artistic department.

From this exalted station, we descended to the armoury and property rooms. Here, tin Lochaber axes were arranged by the side of wooden battle-axes, telling of many furious bloodless battles fought to the roll of the prompter's drum; Roman eagles, the wolf, the hand, the axe and fasces, and other Roman insignia lay mutilated, one over the other, a sure indication of the "Decline and Fall" of that empire, even at the Surrey. Here were the stumpy swords with basket handles, so identified with the villains in brown tunics, buff belts, and russet boots, rejoicing in sinister looks, mustachios and ringlets, who are always ready to do the dirty and murderous stage business. More prominent were the weapons wielded by Mr. Nicks, a tragedian of no small powers, for these heavy weapons were all most energetically notched, telling of terrific combats, sparks of fire, and a transported audience perspiring with applauding and shouting "Brayvo Nicks!" Farther on was the stand of arms—some half-dozen muskets, one of them with a lock which *would* always go off at half cock, and the others without hammers, or pans, or triggers, or locks at all. The property room elicited much wit from the visitors; little boys were offered slices of pasteboard cake to their intense disgust, but brought into good humour by having a turn at the rattle and knocking things about with a policeman's staff—so pleasing! The pantomime puddings were too large and not rich enough to tempt the juvenile appetite; nor did the pasteboard fowls and roast pigeons excite any one to rush out and dine in self-defence, any more than did the strings of sausages stuffed with sawdust, although the clown always appears to consider them "capital:" lumps of butter and loaves of bread with pasteboard outsides and hay insides are pleasing fictions. One lot contained half-a-dozen crowns, which having encircled the brows of various monarchs, are now for sale. The legitimate succession is this:—Elliston I., surnamed the Royal; Elliston II., House of Drury; Osbaldiston the Close, House of Covent; Davidge the Ancient, House of Coburg. As the salique law does not obtain in this state, a Queen succeeded;

but revolutionary principles have spread from the continent even to Surrey, and the "liberty boys" of that republic have pulled down Surrey regality; invaded the royal residences, even as they did the Tuilleries; cut coarse jokes upon crowns, sceptres, thrones, and cabinets; and in a day or two's time, the "*garde mobile*" will carry off all the wretched remains of royalty, reducing the Surrey Queen to a level with John Smith, whose whiskers followed his regality in a few hours.

Such is life! Stage tyrants, like a nation's tyrants ultimately meet their fate: conspiracies are conspiracies, whether of the Irish, or of the scene-shifters—whether of the middle classes, or of the *corps de ballet*—of the actors and musicians, or the taxed population. Holding on a reckless course only precipitates the reckoning day; and whether it be England, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, or the Surrey, down must topple royalty, dissolving "like the baseless fabric of a vision," while the flinty brokers will not even leave a "*rack* behind."

HARVEST HYMN OF THANKSGIVING.

By W. S. Passmore.

Solo.—Hail! to Thee, great King of Kings!
For the joys Thy bounty brings,
Bend we now the lowly knee,
Lifting homage up to Thee!
Hail! thou Great Jehovah, hail!

Duet.—The golden floods of waving grain,
That deluged ev'ry sod,
O'er earth have wafted smiles again,
To praise Thee, gracious God!
Hail! Almighty Father, hail!

Solo.—'Tis Thy plenteous hand that bends
Yonder groaning orchard low;
'Tis Thy loving kindness sends
Plenty's voice to banish woe.
Hail! thou Great Jehovah, hail!

Chorus.—Lo! the ruddy vineyard floweth,
And the land with gladness gloweth;
Faith and prayer, oh! how prevailing;
Hush'd is every cry of wailing.
Hear, O God! our homage soaring,
Hear, oh! hear our soul's outpouring!
Hail! Almighty Father, hail!

AMY WELBYN; OR, THE PERSECUTED CHILD.

A TALE OF MODERN TIMES.

BY Phus.

Oh England! thou land of wealth, pride, glory, power, and endless resource, what direful scenes, changes, and events are ever taking place in thy favoured country! What fathomless streams of bitterness are ever flowing through thy fertile lands! What cheerless paths lead o'er thy Christian soil! What countless steeps of wretchedness, brutality, suffering, want, and doom are ever ascended by many of thy ill-succoured people! What dreary tales remain untold—of nerves depressed—of tears repulsed—of affections betrayed—of charity forbidden—of mercy recused—of hearts distressed—of minds destroyed—of flesh and blood forsaken—of beauteous forms made tenants of an early tomb!

Rest assured, gentle reader, the following is but one of many tales of every-day life which may be gathered in Life's chequered pilgrimage, and for the truth of which many heads of families could—were they willing to expose their own cruelties—fully guarantee.

Amy Welbyn, the youngest but one of four daughters—children of a tradesman pretty well circumstanced in life and residing in the quiet and respectable town of ———, situated in a Midland County, was one evening, at the age of seventeen, in the cold, snowy, and gay month of January, seated alone at her work-table, endeavouring hard to finish a dress for the coming ball which was yearly given under the Mayor's patronage at the Town Hall in aid of the funds of The Distressed Females' Institution, and which was generally graced by all the rank, fashion, and wealth of the neighbouring districts. While so engaged, and at the same time accompanying each movement of the needle with melodious strains poured forth from a light and cheerful soul, she was interrupted by the hasty entrance of her parent, who, in a state of agitation and inclement oratory, desired the presence of his daughter Amy in the office down stairs, "where," said he, "I and your mother have something to communicate to you."

Amy knew not why this peremptory command was made—though the fact flashed across her mind at the time that she had of late experienced a great amount of harshness—nor was

she aware of ever having given the slightest cause for parental anger, to say nothing of parental cruelty; however, she had ever been told and taught and inclined to observe that obedience was the first grand principle to be fostered in a child's bosom, so, in a meek and affectionate tone half-choked by inward grief, she expressed her willingness to pay immediate attention to her father's wishes. The dress was soon packed away, the paraphernalia were placed in their proper receptacles, and Amy lost no time in repairing to the counting house.

The reason of this sudden and singular mandate is soon told, though perhaps more readily imagined than conceived. Amy Welbyn was in education talented, in address lady-like, in disposition kind and generous, in features captivating, in manners prepossessing and engaging, in feeling sound and discreet, and in heart noble and humane: she was the admired and envy of all, and likewise the delight of all, save her sisters, whom Providence had by no means favoured. Where Amy gained admiration, her sisters became possessed of its very antipodes. Where Amy's excellent qualities were extolled, the harsh and coarse mannerisms of the others were deprecated and disliked. Where Amy's talents produced affectionate regard, the utter ignorance of her three sisters drew down repeated rebuke and contempt; so that she was unconsciously, as it were, drawn into a stream of intemperate envy, jealousy, hatred, and disdain by the very ones who—to use a figure—possessed the same blood. Not that Amy had had greater facilities than her sisters of acquiring a good education and its usual characteristics, for they had all been brought up at the same school and taught by the same preceptors. While at their scholastic routine, they had ever enjoyed the same privileges, with this one exception, that Amy had a more studious disposition and displayed greater energy to learn, which consequently produced from her tutors greater esteem, and thereby secured a more kindly familiarity from those with whom her industrious inclination brought into immediate contact. When their educational course was finished, a great secret was discovered—that Amy was indeed clever, and that Emmeline, Frances, and Eliza Welbyn were incorrigibly stupid: this caused, at first, considerable unpleasantness in the family circle, but it afterwards assumed a more determined and cruel aspect. Poor Amy was detested by her sisters, and became an instrument of her parents' inveterate wrath, which daily increased to the most unnatural innovations. She was a doomed girl—her kind

heart was too good, and her well-trained mind too noble to be allowed permission to breathe of the same atmosphere as those whom she loved enjoyed. She fell a victim to a relentless persecution framed by those whom God's ordinance had taught her to love, honour, and obey. Her die was cast—her hour of trial had arrived!

Oh! destiny, thou great ruler of our being, how deeply dost thou cause many, many lips to drink of the bitter cup! How oft the blooming form, gladdening in its brightened prospect, becomes the early hermit of a cheerless cell! How many of the young and gay, rising in the morning with halcyon dreams, with joyful looks, with spell-like vigour, with hearts bereft of all care, are, ere the display of Nature's grandest picture—the setting of the sun,—struck down into a helpless palsy of wretchedness and despair.

To proceed. Upon entering the office, the door of which she opened with her wonted quickness, and advancing towards her mother who was seated on a lofty stool—an ordinary piece of counting-house furniture—Amy was abruptly accosted thus:—

"Amy! it is our desire that you sit down and write an answer to this, immediately," (her father at the same time unfolding a copy of the "Times," and scanning over its columns in order to show the advertisement to his daughter.)

"Advertisement, mother? I—write—an—an—answer?" (Here Amy was lost in grief,—the blow was so sudden that for a moment her articulation was drowned by the violent throbbings of the heart to which she was subjected.)

"Yes, Amy! it is our wish and intention that you seek a situation," rejoined old Welbyn. "We have not come to this determination without a great deal of mature consideration. You are young, active, well inclined, talented, and well behaved, and provided your conduct is marked with sound discretion, we have every reason to hope that by industry and perseverance a wide field is open in which you may distinguish yourself, prove an honor to your family, and by your abilities earn a little bank of wealth which will be of service to you in your future career. But mark! Discretion must be your pilot, and industry your vessel;—let hope be your sails, and confidence your cargo; let wisdom be your crew, and faith your compass. Mind all this, and your vessel will never founder, nor will you ever be drowned in the troubled waters of the Ocean."

Poor Amy was too horror-struck to pay any attention to her father's sensible compilation of wide fields, banks of wealth, pilots, vessels, sails, cargoes, compasses, troubled waters, and crews. Doubtless he thought he was taking a cruise on the Thames, for he had been a seaman,—being a native of Battersea, and had tasted much of the troubled waters while a youngster, especially off Chelsea Reach, where he once got capsized and was picked up by an eel smack bound to Billingsgate: whether this was the cause of his nautical intelligence or not we are not in a position to prove; this much however we do know,—that he had of late been a constant porer over the life and writings of Byron, and may be he thought it a good opportunity to convince his wife and child that his love of poetry had not led him into a too great abyss of literary indulgence to no purpose. However, we are digressing. Amy stood with her handkerchief bathed in tears, and her fine womanly form crippled, as it were, by the wretched idea of being compelled to leave her home, her friends, her family, and to launch out into the world so young and helpless, and to seek a situation through such emigrating agency as an advertisement in the "Times" newspaper; though a whispering angel appeared to say, "AMY WELBYN THOU WILT OBTAIN THY HEAVENLY FATHER'S BLESSING AND MERCY IN ALL THY TRIALS, IF THOU DOST PUT THY FAITH IN HIS ALL-POWERFUL MIGHT!" This was a balm to her troubled spirits; she gained confidence at its re-consideration; and with a calmness and resignation that would have become a Stoic, she waited her parent's pleasure for the aforesaid advertisement.

While Mr. Welbyn is endeavouring to plant his optics on the required piece of print, it will, perhaps, not be considered out of place in our giving the reader a mere outline or sketch of the affectionate couple, who after *mature consideration*, could come to such a diabolical resolve as the tearing away of an innocent child from everybody it knew and loved and everything it cared for and revered.

Frances Anne Welbyn, the female progenitor of the subject of our tale, was the daughter of a once-respected and opulent brewer; but who—at a time that his thoughts should have been turned towards Heaven, when age, generally speaking, makes most men rational and reasonable—victimised himself and his family into a hell of misery and horror, through that Satanical perniciousness—a love of cards. Frances Anne Welbyn was, as we have before said, the daughter of a

once-opulent and respected brewer in the county of ———, celebrated for its nuts and hops, and during her location at school, in her eighteenth year, by some chance became enamoured of a swain—an auctioneer and valuer—just old enough to be her parental ancestor.

Matters were soon arranged; for, in about six weeks from the date of the first interview, it was resolved that, on a fixed evening and time, her betrothed should be ready at the bottom of the garden with a ladder to accelerate her escape from the scholastic asylum, and that they should then and thence flee in a post-chaise driven by a bribed post-boy to the borough of Southwark, where, in the morning, it was determined they should be made one at the old parish church of Saint Olave's. It is needless to observe that everything took place as was wished by the bride and bridegroom. In order that assistance might render them doubly secure, Welbyn was actually supported and succoured in this elopement scene by Mr. John Whorrie—brother to the affianced bride—between whom terms of great intimacy existed. It is not our intention to go through the numerous scenes, &c., incidental to this run-away match, nor is it our intention to follow the actors up to the time from which our narrative begins: so that we will content ourselves with a hurried glance at the peculiarities (if they may be so called) of the parents of Amy Welbyn. In stature they were both taller than the average: in looks the wife had certainly the advantage; not that the husband could be put down as a plain man, for he had an intelligent face, which upon particular occasions, gave him an agreeable warmth of expression, and nullified the tendency of the term *plain*: in disposition there was a greater difference than in the two preceding cases; he was petulant and irritable—showing frequently a disposition to break the third commandment; while his wife, though so many years younger, seemed to delight in aggravating her husband and in provoking his anger, which was a circumstance—much to be deplored—of daily occurrence, and which, let us add, *en passant*, seems to be a peculiar characteristic of woman. The mother of Amy was a particularly haughty, vain, and pompous woman, this could be seen by her very gait; she was remarkably fond of dress withal, and extravagantly partial to gold, glitter, and show, which, with her, became a complete mania—as it does with many others, who are confidently led away by their own innocent notion that to be fond of jewellery is only to have a liking for one particular hobby. That the

wearing of from ten to fifteen rings on the fingers, the carrying of two gold watches with massive chains, the exhibition of three or four brooches and the same number of suspended gold lockets hung with singular precision, must be at considerable variance with the meaning of the word hobby, admits of no possible doubt to a rational mind; and doubtless many of the victims to a wife's admiration of jewellers' plate glass are of the same way of thinking.

Joseph Welbyn was quite proud enough for a tradesman; perhaps too much so considering that he and several hundred others of his fellow-craft had suffered great losses and vexations in trade for not voting during the general Election (of the period we write), contrary to their own consciencious principles and convictions: he was rather careless and slovenly in his dress, and seemed to conceive an idea that those who were *negligé*, in their outward visible sign were regarded as men of the good old school, free from sophistication, and unbiassed in their mental faculties upon the point of needle-and-thread-ology. 'Tis true that there were no Paletots, Antigroppelos, Pannus Coriums, Corazzas, Aromatic-Regenorators, Templar nightcaps, Calcarapedes, Hydrotobolics, and many other things with hard names for the meaning of which one-half of the Community are compelled *nolens volens* to rush to a Walker, or Johnson, or foreign Dictionary, in order that they may not appear *small* in the eyes of the other half—by being ignorant of the signification of words that *had been omitted* in their own vocabulary: 'tis true that all these classical productions of man's ingenuity had not then made their appearance; but still, there were exquisites even in Welbyn's days who could make man man's own creature and the darling object of his own superlative self-esteem: be this as it may, Joseph Welbyn enjoyed his own opinion, and acted up to it; and nobody, we are convinced, more respected the privileges than himself. He was not so much devoted to gaudy trappings as was his wife,—this perhaps is natural enough, (since women hold it to be a *sine qua non* in their mysteries of the toilet, whereas, say they, "man requires but very little beyond his razor and penknife, and which, if properly and regularly applied will completely oust any attempt to ape woman"); nevertheless, he possessed a very fine gold watch, presented to him as a birthday *memento* by his wife, (bought out of her husband's own money); a capital, good, substantial, thorough-going, silver one,—part of the legacy of his defunct parent; a mass-

ive, unquestionable, temptative, conservative-looking silver snuff-box, once the property of a great maiden aunt, who, it appears, traced its origin down to Mynheer Von Dunk, (i.e. as far as possession goes); he likewise possessed several other minor objects of *bijouterie*, not worthy of comment if we except one single article,—no other than a silver nail-brush, whose chief peculiarity seemed to be, the having of two handles,—a fact which puzzled everybody at the tea-table before whom it was produced. Credit was given to Julius Cæsar as being its original owner, as it was supposed to have been dropped by him in his landing at Dover during the scuffle consequent upon the non-production of his "card of invitation:" while in reference to the obscure question how it was possible to clean one's nails and use the two handles at the same time, it was suggested by Mr. Hydro Gugglebury,—a native of Cork, a compiler of "other mens' works," and a collector of curiosities,—that probably Herr Julius Cæsar was by no means opposed to the "Slave Trade," and therefore engaged Nigger Flunkies at palmy wages to do the necessary office of toilet-charwomancy to the said Cæsar's "digging" instruments. Mr. Gugglebury at the same time informed the then owner,—Mr. Welbyn—that whether or not there were "gentlemen of the bed-chamber" in such days, history did not make mention; the perfect feasibility of which explanations appeared so apparent, that not a second thought was allowed to be entertained on the subject, more especially as Mr. Gugglebury—to use his friend's own words—was "a gentleman of deep research, and of innate originality of ideas."

Well! it will be remembered that we left Amy Welbyn waiting for the advertisement. It was, after sundry manœuvres,—such as wiping his spectacles, titilating his nose with Grimstone's eye-snuff, and doubling up the "Times" into as small a compass as possible—read by her parent in as sepulchral and pedantic a tone as the nature of the subject would admit.

Advertisements are read so frequently, and many of them are of such a similar cast, that we are wavering in our mind, whether to worry our readers' patience at its production; however, there are many, doubtless, who have the chance of learning the syntax of these public compendiums of one's requirements and don't care to make use of it, and *vice versa* many who would like to become possessed of such knowledge cannot get the chance: so, by this way of argument we are

voluntarily led into the *humiliating* perplexity of asking *pardon* for the transcription of the following phraseology from the "Times" newspaper into the pages of this Journal.

Here it is, word for word! Let not our readers judge harshly and rashly of the advertiser's disposition, of his domestic economy, or of his consummate benevolence and philanthropy!

TO GOVERNESSES.——A RARE OPPORTUNITY.——WANTED, by a highly respectable family, of quiet and serious temperament, an intelligent, good-looking, well-behaved, talented, soberminded, industrious, good-natured, obliging, persevering, careful, unostentatious, and orthodox, Young Lady, about 18 years of age, to superintend the culture of and give general instruction to Seven Young Children. It is desired that only those seeking permanent situations will reply to this advertisement. Board, lodging, and washing, will be considered an equivalent for services rendered during the first two years, after which future arrangements will be entered into. Highest references required. Address, prepaid, with all particulars as to abilities, &c. &c. &c., to S.N.U.B., Post Office, Flint, Flintshire. N.B. A love of children, and faith in the Holy Ghost, indispensable requisites.

(To be continued.)

The Reveller's Ride;

Or, Nick by the Horn:

BEING A VERITABLE INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A PARISH-CLERK.

By R. G. M. Norris.

"*Facts* are stranger than *fiction*;"
So here's an infliction
Of *facts* as they *really* occurr'd;
And to me were related
By—*some one* who stated
The same to be *true*, 'pon *his* word.
But, between me and you,
(Be the tale false or true,)
If people would use eye and ear,
They might many things learn,
(Ere to dust they return,)
Which, (in their philosophy queer,)

They never would think
Might chance interlink
The *dulce* and *utile* closely ;
Nor deem they could find
The two well combin'd
In a story told jocosely.
Let such people as these
Digest, if they please,
The moral of what I now write,
And if by it they'd gain,
They had better refrain
From walking, when groggy, by night.

* * * *

To give each man his due,
My informer, to you,
I beg my sincere thanks to proffer !
For, to save myself time,
Your own words and rhyme,
To the public, I now mean to offer.

* * * *

* * * *

Ebenezer Quirk
Was our parish clerk,
And as merry an old psalm-singer
As you ever knew ;—
He was sexton, too,
As well as the church-bell ringer.
I say "the church bell,"
And will therefore tell
You, at once, we had but *one ;*
Which, having told,
I will be so bold
As to say was surpass'd by none
In the way of work ;
For Mr. Quirk
Was marvellous fond of ringing ;
And to and fro,
Or for weal, or woe,
The old bell was always swinging.
Did a wedding take place,—
A somewhat rare case,
For our village was not extensive,
And marriage joys,

Whether girls or boys,
Were always deemed expensive
By those who had had
Experience sad
The old folk, to wit, who'd prate
Of the sorrows *they'd* found
Since *they* had been bound
Fast in the "united state."
Yet mortals will err,
And nought could deter
The young ones from wishing to tie
Their hands in the same;
So *sometime* there came
A couple *their* fortune to try
In this "land of promise"
Of Harrys and Tommys,
Marias, Janes, Annas, or what
Other names you would rather
Prefer, if Godfather
You stood, to a child to allot.
For these "consequences,"
Or small evidences,
As "the first-fruits of labour," will come
With their shrill treble cry,
Which between ourselves, I
Deem the "Epithalamium,"
Or true "nuptial song,"
Which, in ages "long,
Long ago," was much chaunted about.
But *I* wont make a fuss
Its *charms* to discuss,
For I've plenty of matter without.
But I fear in the lurch,
Or rather the church,
I have left a young *couple* standing;—
Well,—consider them *one*,
The clerk's bus'ness done,
And the "groom" to the carriage handing
His "bride," when clang, clang,
Goes the bell with a bang
Hard enough to "raise its *metal*,"
Which, to judge by the sound,
You'd say I'll be bound,

Was the same as your old *tin* kettle.
But be that as it may,
For the rest of the day
Ebenezer would keep up his jangling;
Whilst the *old maids* all wish'd,
They might soon see him "dish'd,"
And his corpse from the bell-rope dangling.
But *we'll* let *them* pass,
Tho' the *scandal*ous class,
From the low to the highest stepper!
Tho "whole animal" went
On poor Quirk's head to vent
Their *vinegar*, *salt*, and *pepper*.
After weddings their came births, christenings and funerals too,
Which, with Sundays and with Saint's days, as well as the Curfew,
That "*toll'd* the *knell* of day," and *told* Eben's old wife *Nelly*,
That he would soon be home to sup, a meal at which right well he
Could do his part. But I digress.—Well, which occasions all,
His peculiar propensity, did into action call.

* * * *

But here did not end
The *penchant* of our friend
In the way of "sweet harmony":—
For besides his bell-ringing
And Sunday psalm-singing,
He played with choice euphony
On an old violin:—
(And now we begin
To get at the pith of this story)
Were the youngsters inclined
For a dance, there you'd find
Ebenezer "in all his glory."

* * * *

If I rightly remember,
On a night in November
He'd been playing at Moorlinch revel;
Where, "thoroughly screw'd"
He got, and then would
Walk home across Middlezee level.
Some three-fourths of the way

He had gone I dare say,
He'd indeed cleared the whole of the moor;
And doubtless believed,
(Or I'm much deceived)
He should soon reach his own cottage door.
But the night had grown dark,
And Farmer John Clark,
Through whose fields Eben's homeward path lay,
Had an old brindled cow
That had chosen somehow
To *recline* just within the gateway.
Now, "impell'd by dire Fate,"
The old clerk on the gate
Contriv'd to mount,—then toppl'd over
With a deuce of a whack
Right astride the cow's back
Who *just then* was dreaming of clover.
But this stopp'd her dreaming,
So off she ran, seeming
To the poor fellow's comprehension,
Old Nick, at the least,
In the shape of a beast
With wings, in the act of ascension.
So Ben deem'd this agression
Must be Satan's obsession;
Then, though not without much perturbation,
He began to exclaim
Against any such game
As his own excarnification,
In words something like these:—
"Oh! Lord! Sir! if you please!
I'm sure you have made a mis*take!*
In thus taking me, Sir,
I'm old Ebenezer
Quirk!" Here came a horrible shake,
Which full stopp'd his clatter,
Making Eben's teeth chatter,
And of evils to conjure a host up;
But the greatest of all
Was the fear—he might fall—
In which case he would sure give the ghost up.
So he held on tight
To the *beast*, for his fright

Made him think this his "hope forlorn;"
For round his head swum,
As he caught hold of some-
Thing—*horribile dictum*—a horn.
This confirm'd—if he doubted
What he rode—so he shouted
In a key much more loud than before:—
"Oh! pray, sir! let me go,
And I'll never do so—
No, I'll never get drunk any more!"
(Here the cow her forefoot,
In a hole chanc'd to put,
Which brought both herself and her rider
To the ground in a crack,
And laid Ben on his back:
A proof that he'd been a "backslider.")
* * * *
How long there he lay,
With truth, I can't say,
But when he reach'd home the next morn,
He declar'd to his wife,
"That, for once in his life,
He had taken Old Nick by the horn;
Who had, for some hours,
With all his fell powers,
Fought and struggled to get him in vain.
But *he'd* finally lick'd him,
And back to—'hem!—kick'd him;
Where he thought he'd for some time remain;
For he'd got quite a 'dose'
To make him keep 'close'
For awhile to get rid of his pain."
We all knew this was boasting,
Yet Ben 'scap'd without "roasting,"
Though he never got "groggy" again.
* * * *
Thus the lesson prov'd good,
Now, dear reader, I would
Advise you, as these lines you peruse,
Ne'er to drink much at night,
For you see what a fright
Ebenezer had, all through a "boose."

COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

(SECOND PAPER.)

It will be readily admitted by all who circulate themselves among the "middling" classes, that spoilt children are indeed the pests of civilised society. If there be one thing more than another calculated to diminish the few comforts to be found in the friendly interchange of feeling between families thrown together by circumstances into the social circle, it is the intolerable annoyance to which an innocent visitor is exposed by the ill-behaviour of the spoilt brats of his host. It may, perhaps, be submitted in defence, that when a man invites you to his house "to take him as you find him," he, of course, expects you to take his family as you find it also; the rough and smooth must be taken together, and if you eat a man's beef and bread, drink his pale sherry (five years in bottle), and smoke his Cubas, the least you can do in return is to fondle his babies, and not only to put up with all their ill-behaved pleasantries but also to admire them. So far as that goes, it is well; it will be conceded that when a man is aware of the annoyance to which he subjects himself, it is his own fault if he does not keep away. So it is; but why should it be so at all? We are at a loss to conceive what the Fathers and Mothers of England can be thinking about to allow themselves to sink so low in the scale of moral conduct as to be the means of launching upon the world the petty tyrants which spoilt children invariably turn out to be. For the weakness of human nature we would make good allowance; but it is astonishing when we reflect that parents must generally be the first on which the foibles of their little ones are practised, and that, therefore, they must feel all the discomfort of such nuisances, and should consequently exert their authority to adjust matters as much for their own comfort as that of their friends. On the score of parental love we cannot excuse them; because, as parents, they should have a desire to render their children fit for society, and that would induce an entirely different mode of action. Ignorance can scarcely be allowed as a reason for neglecting the culture of good manners, because it can be clearly proved that good conduct requires no amount of learning to render it fit for all the purposes of every-day life, and its effects

upon the interests of society in general are too obvious to require further comment.

Perhaps one of the most singular circumstances in connection with this subject is, that the persons whose children are the nuisance of their circle, whatever it may be, are generally those who are sure to remark the annoyance in other people's. They can animadvert with the greatest chagrin on the conduct of the little Bs—what horrid little ill-behaved wretches they are! whilst, at the same time, an impartial umpire would be at a loss to decide whose were the worst. It would seem that the tie of kindred makes all the difference; what in their own children would be a most amusing instance of juvenile precocity well worth enjoying and telling to everybody, in their neighbour's family would be an unbearable piece of ill-behaviour. Even well-educated people, who ought to know better, do not seem to entertain the remotest idea of their incongruity in such a matter. But for an example:—

Tom Chiggs is a clerk in the Custom House, and has held his situation ever since he was fourteen years of age, since which time he has been gradually promoted until his salary is five hundred a-year, when we find him the father of five children —two girls and three boys, and the proprietor of a very easy, good-natured, comfortable wife, and a snug little cottage at Brixton. As a matter of course, with such a salary as the one we have mentioned, Mr. Chiggs may be looked upon as a man in authority, his situation being one of great trust and responsibility; and, moreover, having a number of subordinates under him who one day look forward to the felicity of standing in Mr. Chiggs' shoes at the same price, the worthy clerk is compelled to assume a certain amount of austerity which is not natural to him,—for, in reality, Tom Chiggs is one of the best natured men alive. You should see him "at home!" His fat full-flavoured-looking face is always grinning and his double-chin always on the full stretch,—because Mr. Chiggs' face is as broad as it is long when he laughs.

By his own fireside Mr. Chiggs is the very antipodes of the Mr. Chiggs at the counting-house. At the office his countenance is grave and demure, and he walks with a stately step round the premises which it is his business to superintend, and gives a monosyllabic answer to all questions put by the junior clerks. He sits on a very high stool behind a very high desk, and always has a pen in his mouth or behind his ear, unless he is engaged in writing. He occasionally gets down from his

perch and solicits the genial warmth of a small fire by stretching his legs before it and putting his coat-tails on one side. When he has been nearly warmed through, he turns himself, and carefully patting the coals together gently with a small poker, he reseats himself on his high stool and again plies his grey goose-quill. Mr. Chiggs repeats the same thing day after day and year after year. It has been ingeniously suggested by one of the junior clerks that if it should please Providence to deprive Mr. Chiggs of his head, his body and legs would go as regularly to the office as ever and warm themselves before the fire as if nothing were the matter, the only difficulty being the disposal of the quill pen, which, in that case, must be stuck under the arm. Now, as far as the force of habit goes, Tom Chiggs is a model clerk, which fact we advert to, merely to show that he *could* exert discipline if he found it necessary. At home, matters are quite different. Glad, probably, at the relaxation afforded him from business, Tom Chiggs is quite a child amongst his children, being, in every respect, one of them. He romps in the garden with Bob,—tears up and down stairs after Tom, with little Jim upon his shoulders, whilst Jane and Emily are screaming at the bottom because he will not perform the same manœuvres with them to the exclusion of the others. Mrs. Chiggs, as we have before intimated, is one of the best-natured women in the world; and having had a large family with very great rapidity, Mrs. Chiggs, from being a bustling busy-bodyish sort of a young wife, has gradually subsided into an indolent matron—so to speak—the lady of a Custom-House clerk with five hundred a-year! Never, by any means, a well-educated woman, having been the daughter of a small tradesman somewhere in the "shires" where Chiggs used to go and shoot, Mrs. Chiggs felt her dignity sit somewhat weightily upon her, and her husband being one of your tender and affectionate ones, Mrs. C. was soon spoilt when Tom's salary was raised.

But this was not all—the children were spoilt too. Having acquired a vast liking for ease, Mrs. Chiggs took but little pains in the arrangement of those family offices, the performance of which would have redounded more to her credit; for whatever time was not disposed of in reclining on the sofa, was spent in manufacturing certain articles of dress for the juveniles: the family of Lawyer Studwiggles in the next street (who occupy the next pew in church), being the model which Mrs.

Chiggs endeavoured, if possible, to exceed, as the little Studwiggles were always so *very* genteel.

Now the fact was this: the little Studwiggles were not only well-dressed but well-behaved, and, as a matter of course, their neat appearance was very much enhanced by their manners, which were quiet and respectful. Not so the Chiggses. *They* were just the reverse—noisy, romping, vulgar little creatures, the whole object of whose existence seemed to be the overturning of public comfort generally, and their own too when no opportunity occurred of annoying anybody else. But yet in mama's—Mrs. Chiggs was only "mother" till Tom's salary was raised—in mama's opinion they looked like Royal children; such fine silk velvets and all that sort of thing, only to be met with in noblemen's families. And Tom Chiggs, too, —who really, in business matters, was a shrewd, sensible fellow—was silly enough to believe that his bantlings were, in their way, patterns of perfection. True it was, that as he was at home only one whole day in the week, he knew but little how matters went on there; he never heard the dreadful names they called the maid when she attempted to correct them, or ventured to complain of the dreadful messes they made on the stones or the stairs just after she had been down on her knees and scrubbed them. He didn't know what took place when they were washed; how they ran about the house without any clothes on, to the terror of the neighbourhood, and how they insisted that Mary put the soap into their eyes on purpose—the nasty creature. she ought to be ashamed of herself!—as Bob, the eldest boy, would oft repeat with most stentorian shout. Mrs. Chiggs was always too ill to attend to the complaints of the injured Mary, whose appeals for justice were in vain; for, as Mrs. Chiggs was always in an interesting situation, her doctor had left a standing order that she was always to be kept quiet, so that Mary's pious endeavours to preserve peace and quietness were bootless.

"Now, master Bob, I do declare I'll tell your ma, if you will pull them things down as fast as I puts 'em up agin: its too bad, blest if it aint; Ha' done now, do!"

"*You!* who are you?" inquires the little ruffian. "You're *only a servant!* You've no business to talk to me in that way! Go and wash yourself you dirty slut!!"

Now as Mary is a maid of all-work,—all-dirt perhaps we should say—she partakes of that dignified sort of feeling

which those members of society entertain on an extensive scale, viz., that an allusion to the uncleanly appearance which their multifarious occupations entail upon them, is a direct insult, forthwith loses her self-command, and assaults Bob Chiggs bodily, by boxing his ears and then shaking him. Bob clutches the first missile he can lay hold of, let it be tumbler, wine-glass, boot-jack, or snuffers, and sends them at Mary's head, who deems it expedient after beating Bob to beat a rapid retreat afterwards. Bob—who is a sly young rascal—runs to his "ma," and complains; Mary tells her tale, but "ma" is too ill to administer justice in the case, although she is just well enough to discover that Mary is too hasty, and should keep her hands to herself. Thus matters go on from morning till night, varying only in intensity.

But Sunday is a field-day for the little Chiggses' because there is always somebody comes to dinner, and they stop to wine and dessert. Of course the whole of the dinner time is consumed in stuffing them all with something of everything on the table, and conversing on the merits of the little members of the family. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who are the visitors, after having repeatedly remarked what beautiful children the little Chiggses were, fondly hoped to be allowed to escape without any further allusion to those interesting juveniles. But it is not so. Mr. Chiggs is only at home one day in the week, and it is not to be expected that such a domesticated individual as that estimable man could allow anybody to remain in his house who was not constantly finding something fresh and admirable in his children.

When the dessert is placed upon the table, the great business of Tom Chiggs's life—so to speak—commences. The more active operations of the dinner-table being concluded, there is more leisure to discuss his favorite topic, the dispositions, temperaments, and talents of the cherished little Chiggses. Bob is ordered to ring the bell twice, for baby, and in due time a little flabby, fat-faced urchin is brought up, and deposited on a high arm-chair, into which he is pinned by a rod running across the arms, so that he is out of harm's way so far as regards his own personal safety, but not as regards sundry empty wine-glasses which are inadvertently placed near him, and which are brought into contact with each other with a violent crash, the playful infant having smashed them in an attempt to reach a plate of oranges close at hand.

"Jim's a smart little chap, isn't he?" inquires Mr. Chiggs

of Mr. Jones, in allusion to the infant to whom the attention of the family has been attracted by reason of the crash aforesaid.

"Indeed he is!" replies Mr. Jones, good-naturedly.

"He'll make somebody by-and-bye," observes Chiggs, with a paternal smile, and at the same time imparting a most violent kiss to the ruddy cheeks of Master Jim, who is trying to stick the only two teeth he has got into an orange. "Bless his little heart!"

In the mean time, little Tom and his brother Bob have been fighting over some roasted chesnuts which Mary has just brought in wrapped up in a cloth to keep them—as Mr. Chiggs pleasantly observed—from catching cold; and having proceeded to such extremes as to require the interference of the authorities, Tom, being the eldest obtained the prize, with which he at once proceeds to burn his fingers, when, he commences crying most vociferously, notwithstanding the repeated application of Mr. Chiggs' kisses to the part affected, and the promise of having any thing he likes on the table, if he will only be a good boy, and not make such a noise. Tom seeming to have an innate sort of idea that in a transaction of that kind there is nothing like time present, does not become quiet until a sample of the dessert generally is placed on his plate, when his tears disappear with inconceivable rapidity, the fruit also.

Now as it so happens that Mr. and Mrs. Jones have no children, these little domestic incidents can scarcely be expected to have such interest with them as they might have with parents generally. Mrs. Jones, who has never been in the "interesting condition" in which Mrs. Chiggs is generally placed during the greater part of every year, has never, of course, been ordered by her medical adviser to be kept so very quiet as her friend; nevertheless, she feels that she should not like, as a general thing to be perpetually in such noise and confusion as seemed to be the natural state in which the Chiggses exist, and cannot help wondering, whether Mrs. C.'s definition of quiet, agreed with that state of tranquillity which her medical man wished her to enjoy.

The mouths of the juveniles being pretty well occupied by the chesnuts and oranges for which they have been fighting for some time, Mr. Chiggs ventures a little conversation, as the Joneses have been observing profound quiet during the dispute.

"Bob's a shrewd fellow, Mr. Jones. He's all there, eh?" enquires the affectionate father, of his guest.

"No doubt," replies Mr. Jones, sipping his wine.

"Mr. Jones!" squeaks Bob at the top of his voice, "I've often wondered how it was you had such a long nose!" at which observation little Tom and Bob look at one another and laugh most boisterously, and contrive to do so after they have endeavoured to check their hilarity by sipping a little sweet wine, which happens to go the wrong way, so they laugh and splutter more than ever. Of course Mr. Chiggs attempts to reprove his refractory son by telling him to go on with his orange, &c., but, as he laughs very heartily himself while he is doing it, Bob is rather encouraged than otherwise, and commences a fresh series of roars of laughter, in which the smaller branches of the family join, although they do not know what it is about.

Mr. Jones, having recovered himself from this little personality, which rather disconcerted him, touches upon the weather and other well-tried means of diverting a conversation from a somewhat unpleasant topic; and is not a little pleased when Mary makes her appearance and announces that she has done her dinner, and washed up, and is ready to take the little folks for a walk.

As a matter of course, Mr. Jones makes a determination not to subject himself to a repetition of juvenile pleasantry at the expense of his nose, and Mrs. Jones cannot think what Mrs. Chiggs calls being quiet.

It seems to us to be a pitiable mistake, having no sort of reasoning for its basis, that there should be any difficulty in ensuring a proper amount of discipline in a family like the one we have just described. It will be necessary to *begin* well, by not allowing irregularity to remain unchecked until parental authority is destroyed by a foolish and overweening affection, which could be just as well displayed in endeavouring to render the rising generation fit for society in general, as to forego all hope of reformation. And yet, how many families of Chiggses do we meet with; for they may fairly take their place among common-place people,—people who are met with in every street in the vast emporium of everything—London.

Among the different members of society, the government clerk occupies perhaps one of the most ambiguous places with regard to his real position. Of course he would turn up his nose at the idea of being called a tradesman, and yet his

occupation comes not within the range of a profession however the term may be perverted. He dresses well,—considers he has a fair right to wear a signet ring on his little finger, and carries a cane, and is most scrupulous in his appearance generally. He is very fond of patronising our continental neighbours, for he must have French boots, Paris hats, and kid gloves from the same fashionable city; he has also some smattering of the French language, (which he has learned out of a grammar), at which he is really *au fait*. Being on a rising salary he considers himself a promising young man, and there are, in his own private opinion, hundreds of girls dying for such a man. But Mr. Benjamin Byles has no intention of throwing himself away. He has some little accomplishments too on hand, which are not to be sneezed at; for, he can not only play at billiards and pool, and smoke cigars *ad infinitum* (as he would say, for he learned Latin when he was at school), but can play tricks with cards rather neatly, and has—to use his own phrase—a "slight sensation of the flute," on which however he does not perform in public, it being indulged in only for his own special amusement.

Mr. Byles can take a first voice in a glee,—but cannot make a second or bass to order, not having bothered himself with the science of music. His business hours being moderate, he has plenty of time on his hands, particularly in the evening; when he generally "tumbles into" the pit of the large theatres or the boxes of the small ones, as the case might be, and occasionally sups at Evans's, or the Coal-Hole. On Sundays Mr. Byles seldom or ever stops in town, but goes down either by train to Greenwich, where one of the senior clerks has a "box," or in a four-wheel with one or two of his companions, to some place where they can get a blow of fresh air to dissipate the aroma of the office.

Mr. Byles is considered a knowing fellow, and no one considers that more than himself. He books a few small bets on the Derby and Leger, (not the ledger at the office), and makes it a general rule not to bet more than five pounds at a time. If he sees a fine horse in the street, he always stops to admire it, and puts his head on one side, and screws up his eyes, as if he were a connoisseur, and could only see the animal's beauties in a particular focus of vision. He dines at the same eating-house every day regularly, about the same hour, and manages matters so well with the waiter that he never gets the supplement

to "The Times" (in which the "remainder of the news," i.e. the advertisements, are to be seen,) but the body of the paper containing the leader, which he devours alternately with the meat,—first a mouthful of one and then a few lines of the other.

Mr. Byles occasionally goes out to an evening party, where he is a regular don. Having a notion, as we have before intimated, of singing, he essays a comic song after supper, in which there are encore verses for everybody to join in; and at supper, if he can get an opportunity, he proposes the health of "our worthy host and hostess," and if, by any chance, any older friend of the family bowls him out of that, he falls back upon "the ladies, with three times three!" In matters requiring any *real* effort of the mental faculties, Mr. Benjamin Byles is not at home, as he says it is not at all "in his line," and so we unhesitatingly classify that gentleman among

COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

WOMAN.

A FRAGMENT.

BY M. A. R.

WHEN far on the stormy deep I ride,
Or mingle in scenes of pomp and pride,—
When I enter the palace where splendour reigns,
Or wander through misery's vast domains,—
'Tis woman that gilds each various scene,
And bright is the spot where her steps have been.
I have seen the wretch on his pallet of straw,
The final gasp of his breathing draw,
When the eye-ball fixed, and the lips all dumb,
Proclaimed that the hour at length had come
When man must bow to the smiter's rod,
And yield his soul at the call of God.
And who was there in that lonely hour,
When Death triumphantly showed his power?—
When fear had assailed the stoutest breast,

And thousands fell 'neath the stroke of the pest?
'Twas woman, the gay, the frail, the fair,—
'Twas woman alone who ventured there:
Yes, she was the first to aid—the first
To soothe his pangs, and to quench his thirst,—
To soften the woes that death must bring,
And pluck from his ruthless dart the sting.
And there when the current of life ran low,
And the death sweat stood on the ice-cold brow,
'Twas woman whose ardent prayer implored
The blessing of Him whom her soul adored,
And peace left the mercy-seat on high
In answer to woman's fervent sigh.
But not to scenes like these confined
Is the wond'rous power of woman's mind:
The dungeon's door and its bars of steel
Give way to the might of her holy zeal,
And Hope revisits the midnight cell,
Where sorrow, despair, and anguish dwell.
More fair than the meteor's flashing light,
Appears to the captive her presence bright,
And fixed as the sun's unclouded ray
Chases the gloom of his soul away.
She bids him mourn for the evil done,
Yet bids him hope for the Rising Sun
That shall shine when the night of life is o'er,
And sorrow and shame shall be his no more.

* * * *

Away, away, o'er the foaming sea,
To lands of darkness and misery,
To the burning East and the icy North,
On her mission of mercy she goeth forth;
Nor the desert wild, nor the restless wave,
Nor the tempest dire, nor the yawning grave,
The purpose grand of her soul can stay,
Or turn the light of her love away.

* * * *

O woman! how much we owe to thee!
In time of woe or in time of glee,
In every state that life can show,
My bosom will burn with a grateful glow
That Heaven has sent, all joys above,
The bliss supreme of dear woman's love.

ELEONORE DE LAUTREX.

A TALE OF THE HUGUENOTS.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY CLARENCE PARKER.)

In one of those extensive rooms which characterised the style of the sixteenth century, a family were assembled round an old man who seemed to strive in vain to restrain the tears which rolled slowly down his pale and withered cheeks. Seated in a large oak chair, with one leg resting on a velvet cushion, he seemed completely helpless from age and the numerous wounds which he had received in battle.

"O my son!" said he, in a voice hoarse with rage and grief, "your unhappy father will perish, or revenge your death!"

His lady, the Countess de Lautrex, and a descendant from the illustrious Counts of Thoulouse, was silent, but pressed her husband to her heart; whilst near them a young lady was kneeling, and kissed the old man's hands, which she bathed with her tears: she was Eleonore, the count's daughter. At the other end of the room a young man was seated. The convulsive working of his fine features, the fire which shone fiercely from his dark eyes, and the broken sentences that escaped from his clenched teeth, betrayed the stormy passions which raged within him. Suddenly he rose, and stood erect and menancingly before his father:—

"My brother," said he, in a slow and measured voice, "did not meet with the glorious death to which he was entitled by his birth and his high deeds: he was basely murdered by the Duke de Blossac, that sworn enemy of the Huguenots. I, his brother, I swear by the name of our blessed Redeemer, and by the white hairs of my noble but unhappy father, that the revenge shall equal the crime, and that this sword, which has already done execution among the duke's party, shall sooner or later find its way to his heart. And if I do not accomplish this vow, may God punish me, and may I die dishonoured."

"Well spoken, my son," said the old man; "your just indignation pleases me. Oh! would I had the strength of former days! then I myself would avenge your brother's death. But, alas! I am now but an infirm and weak old man." And he glanced mournfully at his armour which hung as a trophy upon the oaken panel of the wall. "Go, my son," he added, "Go, and may God protect you."

The young man knelt to receive his parent's blessing, and having embraced his mother and sister, quitted the castle.

These events took place in the year 1560. At that period, France was agitated by the wars of religion between the Catholics and the Protestants. The old Count de Lautrex's father had embraced Calvinism, and had thus found himself compelled to wage war against the King of France, whose cause was headed by Francis of Guise. This nobleman had ravaged the whole of Languedoc, and unmercifully butchered all those who still adhered to their sect. The present count had carried arms in these wars at a very early age, and in time he had been succeeded by his sons, who also entertained the same hereditary hatred towards the Catholics which had been handed down by their progenitors.

In those stormy times, when it was always necessary to guard against surprise, every castle was strongly fortified. The Chateau du Gange, surrounded by a large moat, and flanked by several turrets with loop-holes, had at different times sustained more than one attack, when the enemy had always been repulsed.

Having attained that age when the impetuosity of youth generally gives way to graver and more sober thoughts, Lautrex usually entertained his family with the recital of his campaigns, and above all, would often speak of the code of honour, and of the unerring loyalty which every man owed to its shrine. Uniting all the bluntness of a soldier to the tenderness of a father and a husband, he had accustomed those about him to obey his wishes without the slightest murmur. One hundred men-at-arms formed the garrison of the castle, and he had trained them to that passive submission which was peculiar to the serfs of that period.

Lautrex loved the castle where he was born as ardently as the eagle loves its nest. His daughter Eleonore sang to him every evening some of those charming romances of Provence which were in such high repute among the troubadours of those days; and then by nine all was silent in the fortress, save the tread of the sentry as he slowly paced the narrow limits of the watch-tower. The next day the same routine was observed, except when they were visited by some of the count's friends, when the monotony gave way to gaiety. On these rare occasions Eleonore had always been conspicuous for her beauty and her good sense. Under the reserved and austere habits which the high-born damsels of that period were wont to affect,

Eleonore concealed a tender and ardent soul; and being gifted with a beautiful and melodious voice, she was soon sought after by all the young men who by their birth could aspire to a daughter of the house of Lautrex.

In the mean time the name of the Duke de Blossac had become an object of terror in Languedoc. Young and impetuous, he became a formidable enemy to the Protestants; and in a battle which had been fought under the walls of Arriane, he encountered the eldest son of the count, and in the heat of the fray, he had struck him when unhorsed with his lance. The unfortunate youth had immediately expired, and the report was soon current among the Huguenots that the young Lautrex had been foully murdered.

But the duke de Blossac was a brave and loyal knight; loved and respected among his partisans, he would have been equally esteemed by the Protestants, but for the hatred which animated at that time even the most sensible men. Allied to the Cardinal de Bourbon on his mother's side, and attached to the royal cause, he had thrown himself by taste as much as by a sense of duty into those civil wars where no other glory was to be earned but that which consists in shedding the blood of our fellow men. Brave and generous as De Blossac was, there is no doubt that the young De Lautrex met his death by one of those random blows which it is very difficult to withhold in the heat of battle even towards a fallen foe. But his reputation alone was known in the house of Lautrex; for even Raymond, the same who had sworn the duke's death, even he had never seen him; never had they met in the field. But it was sufficient for him to desire the encounter to be certain of obtaining his end, and having heard that the duke was under the walls of Nismes, he set out for that place on the occcasion already detailed.

CHAPTER II.

Nearly a year had elapsed since these events had occurred, and still Raymond had not returned: burning with the desire of meeting his enemy, and always directing his course towards those places where he expected to find him, he was still absent from his home.

It was towards the beginning of May, and a large party had assembled at the castle: it was to celebrate the anniversary of the count's birthday. The night was far advanced, and still the company had not retired, when suddenly the captain of the

guard came to say that some peasants had come to crave hospitality for a wounded knight. Immediately the order was given to lower the drawbridge, and the stranger was brought into the castle.

He was a handsome youth, and still carried his armour which was covered with blood. He was quite insensible, from loss of blood and a dangerous wound in the breast; but the surgeon having bandaged it, and stopped the bleeding, he appeared slowly to revive, and for the space of a fortnight but little hopes were entertained of his recovery. His name was still a mystery, and no papers had been found about him by which he might have been known.

When the stranger became convalescent, the family would sometimes assemble in his apartment, and then Eleonore, accompanied by her guitar, would sometimes sing upon the death of the poet Petrarchus, or one of those sweet romances of her native province. But it was not without some apprehension, that the knight beheld the time draw near when it would be necessary for him to reveal his name and religion; for Eleonore had made one of those deep impressions on his soul, which change the whole tenour of a man's existence. It seemed impossible for him to quit the roof where he was bound by gratitude and love. He believed that the difference of religion would be no obstacle to his union with Lautrex's daughter; bnt he little knew the unbending severity of the count, and, besides, he was far from suspecting all the extent of his misfortunes: he was well aware of having slain a young nobleman at the battle of Arriane, but he was ignorant that the ill-fated gentleman was the count's eldest son.

On his part, the old de Lautrex, notwithstanding the increasing interest which he took in his guest, could not help entertaining a wish of learning his origin. The young Duke de Blossac (for our readers have no doubt recognised in him the wounded knight) feeling all the awkwardness of his position, and that it was impossible for him to avoid any longer an explanation, he determined that for once, love should overrule all scruples of honour. He resolved to disguise the truth for awhile, but in order to palliate in some measure an action which he looked upon in almost a criminal light, he assumed the name of a near relation, who passed for a staunch Calvinist. With this exception, he resolved to be candid in every other particular connected with his famiy, and the peculiarities of his education.

At last the critical moment arrived, the Duke de Blossac could no longer delay, and, with slow and feeble steps he proceeded to the count's apartment. At the end of a long gallery he met Eleonore, who, surprised to find him alone, and walking with difficulty, artlessly offered him her arm for a support.

"You are suffering," she said. "Oh! what a cruel thing is war."

"Alas!" he answered, "the only regret I feel, it is the thoughts of quitting one day this roof, where I have passed the happiest hours of my life. But ought I to complain of the horrors of war? Otherwise would fate have led me hither? Should I ever have known or loved you? Oh! blessed be the day, when bleeding and dying I received at your hands the warmest sympathy. It is to you that I am now indebted for my life; it now belongs to you alone, for my heart tells me that it is no longer my own. It was your sweet voice Eleonore ringing in my ears like heavenly music which revived me into another existence. The peaceful and happy hours I have passed, those charming melodies, and that infinite grace, all these have made me feel that life had still some attractions."

The young man was silent; so much excitement had exhausted his strength; his hands were clasped in Eleonore's.

"Are you not going to my father?" she said, quickly. "I know that an explanation is about to take place. The count's impatience will doubtless lead you to reveal matters which can but prove satisfactory to him, but which, in your present state of health, others would not have wished to hear."

She left him at the door of her father's chamber, and from that day their hearts were united.

CHAPTER III.

Nine had struck from the castle bell, and the family having risen from their evening meal, had gone to take their accustomed walk on the esplanade facing the castle. It was a lovely night, and the moon, which had just risen, threw on the plain the bold shadow of the castle, with its dingy tower, like a huge spirit presiding over the mysterious approach of night. After a short walk, the party sat down to enjoy the coolness of the evening. The rays of the moon as it pierced through the thick foliage of the trees, lighted up the pale features of the duke, who was seated next to Eleonore. The count made some remarks upon the disasters of the war, and the young

nobleman understanding the allusion to be an invitation for him to relate the history of his life, he began as follows :—

"My father, the Duke de Clisson, whose fame is doubtless not unknown to you, married the daughter of Admiral Coligny, so justly celebrated in the annals of our naval history. I was the only fruit of that marriage; and at an early age I lost my father. Left the sole heir to an illustrious name and a large fortune, I was brought up by my mother in those strict principles of honour and integrity which are so becoming to a gentleman. But the grief she felt at losing her husband, had thrown my dear parent into a dangerous illness, and for some months her life was despaired of. I need not tell you all the anxiety I felt on her account, but thank God I was not fated to lose her, and in a short time she completely recovered.

"I was then little more than sixteen; and at that early age all the young men began to carry arms in defence of our holy cause: I could not behold the sacrifice of our brave soldiers without also sharing some of their dangers. I was not exactly adapted for the hardships of war, and I felt that the peaceful retirement of study would have been my more suitable vocation; but the cry of honour, and the all-powerful voice of humanity overcame my mild and quiet disposition. I flew to arms, and became separated from my kind mother, whom I have not seen for five years. I quitted Brittany, and constantly fighting from province to province, fate at last brought me to this beautiful country, this ancient Occitania, which has so often been the theme of the poet's song, and where, by a strange contrast, her sons display a cruelty unworthy of its pure sky and smiling nature.

"Wounded, unhorsed, and left for dead at the battle of St. Hyppolite,—where for the first time I had the misfortune to see my brave soldiers overthrown and completely routed by the enemy, I still retained sufficient strength to crawl towards a thick forest, which was hard by, having first taken the precaution to remove my scarf, in order that I might not be recognised by any of those who might have lingered behind for the sake of plunder. But hardly had I reached the skirts of the wood, than I became insensible from the loss of blood; and from that moment I am quite ignorant of all that passed, until I found myself in this castle where I have since received such generous treatment."

De Blossac's tale was told; and although he had concealed his real name and the place of his birth, he had been candid

in every other particular. He skilfully avoided the questions regarding his religion, and having been obliged to add another deceit, he was still regarded by the count as a Protestant. Lautrex took his hand. "Thanks, my lord duke," he said. "Unknown to us, you still showed yourself worthy of my esteem; I need not tell you of the interest I now feel in your welfare. If we have been instrumental in saving your life, we are now amply repaid. Alas! the same good fortune did not befal my eldest son! He would still have lived had he not been fully murdered by the Duke de Blossac; he was struck for the second time when unhorsed and disabled. But you have doubtless heard of the dastardly act by which that nobleman has lately tarnished his escutcheon."

On hearing this, the duke recalled to mind the battle under the walls of Arriane, where he had slain a knight. For some time he was paralyzed with horror, but he soon gained sufficient command over himself.

"I have never heard," he said, "that the Duke de Blossac deserved the name dastard, and, to speak frankly, I look upon it as a singular prejudice, that in the heat of battle a gentleman should observe a rule that is not looked for in a common soldier."

"No, no," said Lautrex, "I cannot agree with you on that point. I have been on many a battle field, I have often engaged an enemy hand to hand, but never have I been guilty of so vile an action. The Duke de Blossac murdered my son, and I look upon him as the most cowardly of men. But I have still another son, who longs to meet him, and he I hope will soon revenge his brother's death."

The old count could not perceive as he said these words the indignant flush which mantled the proud features of his guest! for the first time de Blossac had heard his name branded with that of coward.

"Come, said the old man rising, "take the countess' arm, and my daughter shall be my guide to-night, for we both need a support, but with this difference! You, in a few days will be able to walk unassisted, whilst I alas!—

In a few minutes they had all entered the castle.

CHAPTER IV.

The duke's position was becoming more and more complicated. He could not condemn Lautrex's hatred against the murderer of his son; but still, in his own conscience he was

far from considering himself guilty of a disloyal action. Before that fatal night on the esplanade, he had always flattered himself with the belief that in time the count might forgive the deceit he had practised concerning his birth and religion; but that hope was now crushed, and a wide gulf yawned between him and Leonore. Brave and daring, he little cared for Raymond's hatred; and if he wished to avoid him, it was merely that he might spare a fresh calamity to his family. He now had but one course to follow, and that was, to quit the castle. But how could he muster sufficient resolution to leave her who now ruled his heart?

Such was the state of things when Lautrex received one day the following letter from his son:—

"ARLES, 10th August.

"My dear Father,

"It has been reported here, that the famous Duke de Blossac was slain at the battle of St. Hyppolite, on the fifth of May. It appears that he was overpowered by Mons. de Grammont, but notwithstanding the most careful search for his body, nothing was found save a small dagger on which his name was engraved. It is now presumed, that he could have been only wounded, and that he must have succeeded in reaching his friends. You spoke, in your last letter, of a wounded knight whom you had received at the castle. Excuse me, my very dear father, but was it not imprudent on your part in not ascertaining the stranger's name before you received him. How do you know but what your attentions have been lavished upon a Catholic, or even the Duke de Blossac himself? Have a care, dear sir, for the more I reflect upon the incident the more I am disposed to suspect that the fate of our mortal foe is in your hands. I am on the point of taking my departure for the castle, and I hope to kiss your hand a few hours after you receive this letter."

Great was de Lautrex's astonishment at this astounding missive. The duke was in his apartment at the time, and the old man, having sent for the countess and his daughter, he revealed to them the contents of Raymond's letter. There could be no mistake; the battle of St. Hyppolite, of which de Blossac had spoken on the esplanade, and many other incidents, all added to the suspicions which they had already entertained.

Every one had retired, but not to sleep. All at once,

yielding to one of those impulses, which can only be found in a person of strong mind, Eleonore rose, and, accompanied by one of her attendants, she proceeded to her lover's apartment, and without any useless preamble, she said in a tremulous but dignified voice :—

"You have cruelly deceived us, Sir Duke de Blossac!"

The young man was quite bewildered on hearing his real name pronounced, and made an effort to interrupt her.

"Hear me!" she continued. "The night wears on apace, and time was never more precious to me than it is at this moment. Yes, you have deceived us sir, for it was your duty to have quitted this place the moment that the cares of my family were no longer necessary to you, and from the time that you became aware that my brother had fallen by your hands. But do not believe that I view his death in the same light as my father does. No; in my eyes you are neither a murderer nor a coward. If this declaration on the part of a maiden can be of any satisfaction, I only tell you what I feel.

But after what has happened you must be aware of the conduct which it was necessary for me to pursue; still, I cannot hesitate when such a danger threatens you as the present."

Here Eleonore revealed to him the contents of her brother's letter, and the sensation it had produced in her family.

"My father's hatred," she added, "has awakened as strong as ever; and at this moment my brother is hastening to the castle; before daybreak he will be here, and then, every evil may be feared from his ungovernable rage. Follow me; I will entreat the captain of the guards to open the gates; if it is necessary I will kneel to him, and I know that he will not be deaf to my prayer. Come, you must fly instantly, or you are lost!"

The young man remained unmoved.

"I have done too much to fly," he replied. "The count and his son are men of honour; and I do not believe they would attack a man who has no means of defence."

"Rash man!" answered the girl. "Little do you know them; and besides, my brother is bound by a terrible vow. O fly, I beg of you, and take pity on a maiden who is guilty in order to save you. I know that you have no fear of death. A noble blood flows in your veins; but do not add to the misfortunes which already overpower me; for is it not a disgrace when a daughter of Lautrex is obliged to sue to the Duke de Blossac in her own cause?"

Still her lover remained calm and unshaken.

"O!" said Eleonore, "do not form a hopeless resolution. I appeal to your honour and loyalty,—alas! I appeal to the love that you swore to me one day. Fly! I entreat you on my knees!—do not attempt to justify yourself,—I believe you—I understand the past—and I swear that I shall never be a stranger to you, I will cherish your memory, and perhaps one day—"

At that moment a noise was heard in the court-yard: the drawbridge was lowered, and Raymond de Lautrex had entered the castle.

"Unhappy man!" cried the young girl, "it is now too late! O my God! have pity on us."

A dead silence succeeded to this scene. Eleonore had regained her apartment, and nothing was heard save distant and confused steps. Raymond was with his father.

CHAPTER V.

At daylight, the duke sent a message to the count requesting an audience, which was immediately granted. On entering De Lautrex's chamber, he found Raymond, who with flashing eyes and haughty strides was impatiently awaiting him.

"I am not come," said the duke, "to claim any indulgence to which I may not be entitled. The same fate which made me fall into your power, has, by a singular coincidence, converted those who were once my natural enemies into kind and generous benefactors; although I am fully aware that I am only indebted for this hospitality to the ignorance which you had of my name and religion, and had I not known that the mention of them was an object of hatred to you, I would have undeceived you ere this. But an inevitable fatality which ruled my destiny and which has been a source of perpetual anguish to my soul, has always paralysed my intentions of being candid with you, and added to my misery, by the increase of your kind attentions. The Duke de Blossac, sir, will always think of them with the liveliest gratitude."

"I was not mistaken then," said Raymond impetuously, "my suspicions were true."

"Allow me to continue," replied De Blossac, still calm and dignified.

"No! no, sir!" exclaimed the young De Lautrex, "you have said enough: between you and my family there can be no explanations."

"Sir! between men of honour an explanation is never refused."

At these words the count rose furiously.

"With a dishonoured knight," said he, "the rights of hospitality no longer exist. You have acted the part of an impostor under my roof. Passing as a Calvinist, and disguising your real name, you were not ashamed to accept of all the kindness which was bestowed upon you by my family! But this is not all, sir; you have inspired my only daughter with a disgraceful love!—was it not sufficient to murder her brother, without wishing to destroy her happiness for ever? Duke de Blossac, you are an infamous traitor!"

The duke gazed calmly on him who had spoken this insult:

"Sir count," said he, "never has any man who was capable of maintaining his words dared to utter them to the Duke de Blossac. I never refused an honourable satisfaction, but I never allowed my name to be branded with impunity. I expected more moderation on your part, sir, and I even flattered myself that after having understood my position, you would have been ready to extend to me a friendly hand—"

"Enough!" interrupted Raymond fiercely. "We shall never be guilty of so mean an action. A gentleman may give his hand to a foe, but never to a coward."

"Oh! this is too much, sir," said the duke: "you forget that such words as these can only be washed away in blood."

"What! fight with you!" exclaimed Raymond contemptuously. "No, sir! I have archers who shall do me speedy justice." And throwing up the window, "Ho there! guards!" he cried.

Then a terrible scene ensued. The duke, who had become aware of his danger, snatched a sword from the wall, and stepping back a few paces, he appeared determined to sell his life as dearly as possible.

There entered at the same time the men-at-arms, and Eleonore all dishevelled, who rushing before them, clung wildly to her brother.

"Pity!" she cried, "pity! in the name of our holy religion I entreat you not to stain your honour with so foul a crime! You see he is alone against you all—"

But Raymond was deaf to her entreaties:

"Away with him!" he cried to the guards.

"No!" shrieked Eleonore; "stand back, or you will have to pierce my heart before you touch him.—Brother, listen to

me ! Mercy belongs to God, and God has given it to men that they may exercise it towards one another. You cannot be so cruel. You will not blast all your hopes of everlasting life. Oh ! let me spare you an act that will render you miserable for ever."

And bursting into tears the unhappy girl clung closer to her brother, whilst the voice of the old count was heard exclaiming :

" Leave the room, my daughter, leave us instantly !"

Eleonore was deaf to his commands. Suddenly Raymond succeeded in disengaging himself from her grasp, but quick as lightning she flew into her lover's arms.

" No strike ! " she cried.

Only following the impulse of his ungovernable rage, Raymond repeated his order at the risk of his sister's life. The soldiers advanced, but the two foremost soon lay bleeding on the floor. Then the furious din of voices was heard mingled with the clashing of swords. The ill-fated De Blossac succeeded in wounding all those who approached him, and at the same time he shielded Eleonore from the blows of his assailants. In this unequal encounter, in which, however, he seemed to be gaining the advantage, the young girl seemed to be a guardian angel protecting his life.

Raymond, ashamed and furious at beholding the evident superiority of his enemy, seized an arquebuse,—and the next moment the gallant but unfortunate youth fell dead, dragging in his fall the insensible form of Eleonore.

* * * *

The traveller who may have visited the convent of St. Eleonore in the Languedoc, has doubtless remarked in one of the chapels the remains of a Gothic monument of exquisite workmanship, which bears the following inscription :—

Ici repose
MARIE ELEONORE DE LAUTREX,
ET LE CORPS DE
TRÈS ILLUSTRE ET TRÈS PUISSANT SEIGNEUR
EDOUARD DUC DE BLOSSAC,
LE SORT QUI LES AVAIT SEPARI PENDANT LA VIE
LES A UNI APRIS LEUR MORT.

Shortly after De Blossac's death, Eleonore had entered a convent, having previously abjured Calvinism. Her lover's remains were conveyed thither ; and having become abbess of

the monastery upon which she had bestowed her dower, she erected a monument over him. And after a life of exemplary piety she died, leaving as a last request that she should be laid near him whom she loved so well.

THE DREAM.

By W. S. Passmore.

I dreamt that I soared in the love-lit sky,
The realms of the blest ones hov'ring nigh,
Who airily floating on golden cloud,
Were carolling praise and homage loud.
And I saw three spirits of form divine,
Conspicuous 'midst that glad host shine,
Who bent the humble knee, and raised
Their grateful hearts to Him they praised;
And my full heart yearned to share their bliss,
And sighed to partake of such happiness;
And my spirit breathed an inward prayer,
That my wrecked soul might harbour there.
The trio fathomed my thoughts meanwhile,
As o'er me they bent their God-like smile;
One sang of Belief with rapturous glee,
And dwelt on the boon of the Trinity;
The next bade me trust but for joy in Heav'n,
And calmly submit to Earth's woes given;
And the third, pointing down to the world below,
Conjured me to care for another's woe:—
"Good render for evil," twas thus the song ran,
"Judge kindly of error, judge kindly of man!"
And then in sweet chorus they chaunted anew:—
"Do justly, and should'st thou give Mercy her due,
And with thy Creator walk humbly below,
Thou shalt with us earn great reward,
And share the bliss these realms afford!"

* * * *

A mist veiled my senses—the vision had sped,
My soul it was succoured, and slumber had fled;
One thought to my dream, and I knew the glad three
Were bright Faith,—cheering Hope,—and Charity.

THE DRAMA AND PAINTING.

"PATRONAGE" AT THE OLYMPIC.

A CLEVER dramatic effort, in one act, has been produced during the last week, at the Olympic theatre, the subject of which especially interests the Fine Arts' department of our magazine, being one of no less importance than "Patronage," the bare name of which is a blessing to the auditory organs of an artist. Hanging, drawing, and quartering, treason, murder, rebellion, panics, stagnation of trade, &c. are now the cries to such an extent, that Heaven only knows when the course of Fine Arts will again run smooth. A well-painted scene of the style of Louis Quinze, with openings upon a terrace leading to a garden, is the back ground upon which the characters in this pleasing little drama appear. The furniture, vases, pictures, and other accompaniments of taste are chosen judiciously, and well arranged to aid the general effect. Herbert Clavering Esq., M.A., M.P., &c., has taken a great interest in the welfare of a charming young lady, and though not quite aware of what he means, jumps over reasoning about it and determines to assist the interesting young lady without wounding her delicacy of feeling, or without her being in the least degree cognisant from whence the "Patronage" flows,—a very amiable resolution, and one not frequently met with! A certain self-denying and gentlemanly picture-dealer next appears, and this Mr. Frisby, (Mr. Norton) is the agent by which Mr. Clavering (Mr. Leigh Murray) purchases the graphic effects of Miss Edith, (Mrs. Stirling.) The fair artist plies her pencil to some purpose, for she has quickly become the possessor of a charming little villa, elegantly furnished, at Chiswick. There her pupils, though few, pay well, and especially Mr. Clavering, who takes very, very long lessons almost daily, and decidedly exhibits no taste whatever for the practice of Art. A drawing-lesson between the fascinated M.P. and the pretty artist told well on the stage; it was charmingly acted by Mrs. Stirling and Mr. Murray. The lesson over, Mr. C. betakes himself to the House of Commons, and a Mr. Rockley, a veteran artist, an old friend of Edith's late parents, enters, having just returned from Italy. This character, if a little subdued, would be well acted by Mr. Emery, who bids fair to occupy a high position on the stage in the line of old men: the dressing was a little faulty, as the

character of an artist of talent, and one who had travelled and seen much of society, need not to have been dressed like a grazier, with a stock, white wig, and a most astounding pair of check inexpressibles—the checks in the grandest style of design imaginable. Contrast is necessary, but can be carried too far, especially in small theatres, and in dramas aiming at giving a truthful representation of the events of real life. Rockley enquires of his fair friend whether she meets with encouragement, and, to his great surprise, finds that her works are purchased at high prices with avidity, and that her success has enabled her to purchase a villa. Somewhat piqued, but delighted at her success, he is still sceptical, and admitting that there is some talent in Edith's pictures, is nevertheless bewildered as to the motive for purchasing such works at such prices; and to his utter amazement, Mr. Frisby enters, and craves, as a great favour, to be allowed to purchase a small picture at an enormous price. Then a Lord Snipe (Mr. F. Vining) is shown in, whose ambition has always been thwarted by Mr. Clavering;—my lord bids against the dealer, but ineffectually. Poor Rockley, who has been a pupil of Lawrence and Wilkie—an extraordinary mixture!—and has ten grand historical pictures for sale, accompanies the liberal dealer to town, and expects to make a fortune by his works. My Lord Snipe then makes strong love to Edith: she receives his advances as all modest young ladies ought to do, and insists upon his instant departure—a request with which he complies, making his exit with a slight touch of the stage villain.

Mr. Clavering has, it now appears, been engaged with the daughter of a nobleman under a contract for a "marriage à la mode," with about as much affection on both sides as Hogarth's fond couple display in that admirable series of pictures. Poor Rockley returns indignant that his works are not valued as highly as Edith's, and having heard some scandalous insinuations respecting his fair pupil and Mr. Clavering, he gives back to Edith a case of bank notes which she had forced upon him, and opens her eyes to the equivocal position in which she is placed by accepting such an extraordinary kind of patronage. Poor Edith, innocent and unsuspecting, now sees the true state of the case—that her reputation has suffered in the world's estimation, and resolves never to see Mr. Clavering again. He now pays Edith a visit and confesses his love for her, and my Lord Snipe enters—a quarrel ensues—a challenge follows—a meeting is arranged. Mr. Clavering,

thus pleasantly situated with a marriage on one hand and a duel on the other, receives a small addition to his embarrassment in the shape of a letter from the earl to whose daughter he stood engaged. This Lady Somebody Something has in the mean time centred her affections on my Lord Snipe; they suddenly marry privately, which leaves Clavering free. He then, of course, marries the fair artist, and old Rockley, the adopted father, gives them his blessing, which is indeed all the poor fellow has to bestow.

Mrs. Stirling dressed the part well, and acted it admirably. Mr. Leigh Murray was quiet and gentlemanly, which gave truth to his acting. The picture-dealer was a little too clerical, but he was more an agent of benvolence than a mere dealer. My Lord Snipe was rather over dressed, but amusing in the hands of Mr. F. Vining. The dialogue of this little drama is good, the incidants novel, and the whole *mise en scene* well arranged. After the curtain had fallen, the audience insisted upon Mrs. Stirling's re-appearance to greet her with applause. A good house, considering the bad weather, gave the manager pleasing proofs of their approbation of "Patronage."

Mr. Compton is engaged at this theatre, and is a great acquisition to the company. He played an amusing part of Mr. Skeptic in Mr. Wooler's farce of "Founded on Facts;" he doubts everything, and having reluctantly assented to admit a few—very few—facts, finds himself quite wrong in them. We allude to this popular farce again, because the talent of Mr. Compton will never allow us to see him without admiration, and because we think that while Mr. Compton and many other such sound dramatic artists remain on the boards, Shakspere and our great dramatists will never be neglected for *want of talented actors.*

The title of Mr. Courtney's two-act drama, "Time tries all," may be applied to the acting as well as the piece itself, for time has tried *all*, and yet this charming little drama continues attractive—applause and tears are mingled during its representation, in consequence of the excellent acting of Mrs. Stirling, Mr. Leigh Murray, and Mr. Emery. The part of The Honourable Augustus Collander Yawn is either overdrawn or overacted—imagine a gentleman and a suitor for the hand of a lady falling fast asleep during a "tète a téte" to arrange matters! however, the audience relished it vastly. Matthew Bates, the uncouth, well-meaning clerk, was exceedingly well-pourtrayed and dressed by Mr. Murray, and his

appearance after the application of "French polish" produced a great effect. The other minor characters were well-sustained by Mrs. H. J. Turner, Messrs. Emery, Norton, and H. J. Turner.

THE DEATH OF THE FACTORY GIRL.

By M. W. H.

Father! forgive me, if I have done amiss
To you, my mother, our own dear Sue;
Bend o'er me, father! give me one more kiss,
Ere I shall part from mother and from you.

A father's kiss my soul shall bear away—
An emblem of my hope to be forgiv'n;
A father's blessing is my last reward,
And surely will not be unheard in Heav'n.

Why weep'st thou, father, at my going hence?—
Why grieve that I should quit a world of pain?
Although, dear father, we may part on earth,
We yet, in Heav'n shall meet once more again!

In toil, dear father, have I passed my day,
And dreamed of toil throughout the dreary night;
But toil is o'er, I now shall pass away
To realms of peace, and happiness, and light!

Gladly, dear father, would I toil for thee,
And bear for thee the world's heaviest yoke;
But toil is vain—the rich reap our reward,
And heed not—care not—for us labouring folk.

Weep not, dear father!—I but lead the way
For thee to regions of eternal bliss;
I go, dear father! this one last embrace—
Thy prayers—thy blessing—and thy parting kiss.

Reviews.

ENGLAND UNDER THE HOUSE OF HANOVER; ITS HISTORY AND CONDITION DURING THE REIGNS OF THE THREE GEORGES, ILLUSTRATED FROM THE CARICATURES AND SATIRES OF THE DAY. By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

THE two volumes now before us comprise one of the most readable works that the press has produced for some time. Although from beginning to end it is literally nothing but gossip, it is, withal, gossip of a most entertaining and instructive character—so full of racy anecdote of adventure in flood and field, of people of whom everybody has heard a little, and will be glad to hear more. As the title intimates, the times of which the work proposes to treat are those critical periods in the history of this country commencing at the termination of the reign of Queen Anne in 1704.

The very unsettled state of the public peace at that time, owing to the political broils in which the Government was involved, seems to have shown itself in a variety of ways, differing only according to the ingenuity of the populace in devising means of showing their strong feeling.

At that time, the mob appeared to possess great influence in the direction of affairs, and had their meetings at the different taverns, where they gave free vent to the expression of their feelings, and, when occasion seemed to require, sallied forth from their *rendezvous* to carry into execution their various projects. These places were called "Mug-Houses:"—

"Amid the uneasiness and alarm which prevailed throughout the country, the metropolis was the continual scene of riot and agitation. There appears to have been no efficient police in London to keep order in the streets, along which it was unsafe to pass after dusk. We have already seen the ascendancy which the Jacobite mob had gained there in the spring, and which they seem to have kept undisturbed during the summer, waiting for the numerous anniversary days in the autumn to begin again their riotous proceedings. But a new power was rising up, which, though it did not prevent the riots, prevented some of the mischief to which they might have led.

"Amid the political excitement of the preceding year, which pervaded every class of society, and seemed to have estranged people's minds from every other subject, even the taverns and public-houses of the metropolis had been gradually taking a political character; to such a degree, that about this time a guide-book was published, under the title of the 'Vade-mecum of Malt-worms,' containing a list of all the ale-houses in London, with an account of the persons who held them, and the political principles of each. Some of these, under the name of *mug-houses*, became the resort of small societies or clubs of political partizans, who met there on certain occasions to celebrate memorable anniversaries. Two of the oldest Whig houses were the Roebuck, in Cheapside, (opposite Bow Church), and a mug-house in Long Acre. A society calling itself the Loyal Society held its meetings at the Roebuck after the accession of George I.; and in the history of the London riots in 1715 and 1716 this house obtained an especial celebrity. Next in fame to these were the Magpie, without Newgate, (the Magpie and Stump still standing in the Old Bailey;) a mug-house in St. John's Lane, Clerkenwell; another in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden; one in Salisbury Court, near Fleet Street; and one in Southwark Park. The two last became eventually objects of great hostility with the mob. The Tory ale-houses, which were less numerous, appear to have stood chiefly about Holborn Hill (Dr. Sacheverell's parish) and Ludgate Street. The Whig societies who frequented the mug-houses began in the autumn of 1715 to unite in parties to fight the Jacobite mob which had so long tyrannised over the streets, and they were probably joined on such occasions by a number of others, who, like the London apprentices of old, looked upon the whole only as a rough kind of diversion.

"At the end of October and beginning of November a number of political anniversaries crowded together. The Prince of Wales's birth-day, the 30th of October, was celebrated on the 31st. The *Flying Post*, the chief chronicler of these tumults, informs us that 'A parcel of the Jacobite rabble, such as Bridewell-boys, &c., committed outrages on Ludgate Hill, broke the windows that were illuminated, scattered a bonfire, and cried out 'An Ormond!' &c., but they were dispersed and soundly threshed by a party of the Loyal Society, who had lately burnt the Pretender in effigy.' From this time we shall find the new self-constituted police

constantly at war with the mob. The latter had prepared an effigy of King William to be burnt on the anniversary of that monarch's birth, Friday, November 4, and on the approach of night they assembled round a large bonfire in the Old Jury for that purpose. But information of their design having been carried to a party of the Loyal Society, who were met at the Roebuck to celebrate King William's birth-day, and who were therefore close at hand, these gentlemen hastened to the spot, and 'gave the Jacobites due chastisement with oaken plants, demolished their bonfire, and brought off the effigies in triumph to the Roebuck.' On the morrow, the 5th of November, the Whig mob had their celebration. They had prepared caricature effigies of the Pope, the Pretender, Ormond, Bolingbroke and the Earl of Marr, which were carried in the following order:—'First, two men bearing each a *warming-pan,* with the representation of the infant Pretender, a nurse attending him with a sucking-bottle, and another playing with him by beating the warming-pan.' These were followed by three trumpeters, playing *Lilliburlero* and other Whig tunes. Then came a cart, with Ormond and Marr, appropriately dressed. This was followed by another cart, containing the Pope and Pretender, seated together, and Bolingbroke as the Secretary of the latter. They were all drawn backwards, with halters round their necks. The procession, thus arranged, passed from the Roebuck along Cheapside, through Newgate Street, and up Holborn Hill, where the Jacobite bells of St. Andrew's Church were made to ring a merry peal, From thence they passed through Lincoln's-Inn Fields, and Covent Garden to St. James's, where they made a stand before the palace; and so went back by Pall Mall and the Strand, through St. Paul's Churchyard, into Cheapside: but here they found that the 'Jacks' had been before-hand with them, and stolen the faggots which had been piled up for their bonfire. They therefore made a circuit of the city whilst a new bonfire was prepared, and on their return burnt all the effigies amid the shouts of the crowd.

"The enmity between the mob and the Loyal Society was embittered by these first encounters, and it soon came to a fierce issue. On the 17th of November the Loyal Society met at the Roebuck, to celebrate the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth. The mob had also met to celebrate it, but in a different manner; and towards seven o'clock in the evening intelligence reached the Roebuck that they had assembled at St. Martin-

le-Grand, and were preparing, amid shouts of 'High-Church, and Ormond, and King James!' to burn the effigies of King William, King George, and the Duke of Marlborough, in Smithfield. The 'Loyal' gentlemen immediately marched out, and overtook them in Newgate Street, where a desperate fight took place, and, after twenty or thirty of them had been 'knocked down,' the mob was dispersed. They had concealed their effigies; but a boy who had been captured pointed them out to the victors, who marched back in triumph to the Roebuck. There they had hardly arrived, when a much greater mob began to assemble, and, after breaking the windows of the Roebuck, as well as those of the adjoining houses, and pulling down the sign, proceeded to burst open the door, and threatened summary vengeance upon the inmates. In this extremity, a member of the Loyal Society fired with a loaded gun down the passage, and killed one of the assailants, and the Lord Mayor and city officers coming up at the time, the mob took to their heels. The inquest on the body of the man who was killed returned a verdict that he was slain, while in open riot and rebellion, by some one who fired in self-defence. On subsequent nights the Roebuck appears to have been exposed to renewed, but less serious attacks, and the mob-war was carried on at least ostentatiously during the winter.

"In February we hear again of the riotous conduct of the Jacobite mob, and the mug-houses appear to have been actively refitting and preparing for a new campaign. New songs were compiled and printed for the use of the loyal gentry who frequented them, and well suited to keep up the popular excitement. One of these gives the following description of the mob, and show that these faction-fights were very serious things.

"'Since the Tories could not fight
And their master took his flight,
They labour to keep up the faction;
With a bough and a stick,
And a stone and a brick,
They equip their roaring crew for action.

"'Thus in battle array,
At the close of the day,
After wisely debating their plot,
Upon windows and stall,
They courageously fall,
And boast a great victory they have got.

"'But, alas! silly boys!
For all the mighty noise
Of their 'High-Church and Ormond for ever!'
A brave Whig with one hand,
At George's command,
Can make their mightiest hero to quiver.'"

"Towards spring festive entertainments were given at most of the mug-houses—a sort of house-warming or introduction to the season, at which the proprietors delivered formal addresses, often in verse, stating their sentiments and intentions, and boasted of their former feats against the 'Jacks.' One of these, the keeper of the mug-house in St. John's Lane, speaks of his frequent encounters with the mob, and after threatening what he will do himself, proceeds:—

"'Nor is it for myself I speak alone:
There is my wife,—'tis true she is but one,
But, fegs! she'll play her part against the tyler's son.'"

"Several of these addresses will be found in the mug-house song-books. One of these festivals is thus announced in the *Flying Post* of April 12, 1716:—'This is to give notice to all gentlemen who are *well affected to the present establishment*, and lovers of good home-brew'd ale, that this present Thursday, being the 12th of April, Mrs. Smyth's mug-house in St. John's Lane, near Smithfield, will be opened; when there will be a prologue spoke, suitable to the occasion.' And on the 21st of April the same paper prints this 'prologue,' with the following *editorial* remark:—'The following is inserted at the request of several honest gentlemen, who are hearty well-wishers to those *useful societys* that are carry'd on in Long Acre and St. John's Lane, for *the reformation of Toryism*, and the propagation of loyalty to the present happy government.' The same newspaper had shortly before given a new mug-house song, commencing,

"'We friends of the mug are met here to discover,
Our zeal to the Protestant house of Hanover,
Against the attempts of a bigotted rover.
Which nobody can deny.

"'Prepare then in bumpers confusion to drink
To their cursed devices who otherwise think;
For now that vile int'rest must certainly sink.
Which nobody can deny.'

"'The Tories, t'is true, are yet skulking in shoals,
To show their affection to Perkin in bowls;
But in time we will ferret them out of their holes.
Which nobody can deny.

"From this period the members of the Loyal Society send to the newspapers regular reports of their night's campaign, duly dated from the head-quarters at the Roebuck. On the night of the 8th of March, the anniversary of the death of King William, a considerable mob assembled to the old cry of 'High-church and Ormond!' and marched along Cheapside to the well-known mug-house, where a party of the Loyal Society were met 'for the defence of the house;' but when these issued forth, to the number of 'about forty,' the mob ran away, leaving many of their sticks behind them. The Loyalists then marched in procession through Newgate Street, paid their respects to the Magpie, where another party was met, and proceeded to Ludgate Hill in bravado of the 'Jacks,' who were strong there; but on their return they found that the mob had been collecting in greater strength in their rear in Newgate Street, where a great fight took place, in which the Whigs were again victorious, after having, to use the words of the newspaper account, 'made rare work for the surgeons.' The conquerors returned direct to the Roebuck, shouting 'King George!' as they went, and there spent the greater part of the night in drinking loyal toasts.

"The next very serious tumult occurred on the 23rd of April, (the anniversary of the birth of Queen Anne). In the evening of that day the marrow-bones and cleavers, the usual signal of gathering for the mob, were heard rattling along the streets; and, towards seven o'clock, the parties were to be seen forming in Smithfield, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, and Fleet Street, to shouts of 'High-Church and Ormond!' 'No Rump Parliament!' and other similar cries. The Loyalists began to assemble at the Roebuck about the same time, and by nine o'clock had become tolerably numerous; upon which they marched forth in procession to the Magpie, and thence to Ludgate Hill, where the mob showed themselves, but would not stand. The Loyal Society then returned to the Roebuck, from whence they made a circuit into the city and returned again to the Roebuck without meeting with any opponents. But they had hardly settled themselves down to their mugs, when news arrived that the mob

was coming up in great force. They then lost no time in gaining the street, and found the mob already in Cheapside at the end of Wood Street, where there was a fierce battle, ending as usual in the discomfiture of the 'Jacks.' The heroes of the Roebuck now marched towards the Magpie; but at the end of Giltspur Street they again found the mob, and had a more obstinate fight than before, but with the same result, and they returned to their quarters with a pile of captured hats and sticks as trophies.

An anniversary was now fast approaching which had always been celebrated with tumults, and such preparations appear to have been made for the present occasion, as shewed that the mob did not act solely by their own impulse. On the 29th of May, the anniversary of the Restoration of Charles II., green boughs were carried about the streets and worn on the person; and there were great meetings at St. Andrew's (to hear Dr. Sacheverell), and at the 'Jacobites' conventicle in Scroop's Court, over against it.' Towards night the mob became very riotous, and threatened to pull down the Roebuck and the mug-house in St. John's Lane. One of the lookers-on says, 'There never was seen such a crew of tatterdemalions, for they looked as if hell had broke loose. They had gathered together all the blackguard boys, wheelbarrow-men, and ballad-singers, and knocked down people that did not carry their badges.' They were, however, 'soundly thresh'd' by the societies which met at the two mug-houses they had threatened; and a party of horse-guards, which just then arrived, and patrolled the streets during the night, put an end to the disturbance. Yet on the 10th of June, the birth-day of the Pretender, there were greater riots than ever, and the Loyal Society had to bring their whole force to the struggle. A Roebuck correspondent of the *Flying Post* writes some days after, 'You omitted to take notice, that, on the 10th of June, several Whigs of the Loyal Society at the Roebuck, having furnish'd themselves with little *warming-pans* fit for the pocket, did ring such a dismal peal with them in the ears of the white-rose mob, that their flowers soon disappeared, and could not keep 'em from fainting.' The white rose was the Pretender's badge, and had been worn on this occasion.

From this time we hear less of the Roebuck in the public prints, although it had hitherto eclipsed the fame of the other houses. But they also had been engaged with their respective mobs, especially the mug-house in Southwark, and that in

Salisbury Court. On the 12th of July following the last-mentioned exploit of the Roebuck heroes, a mob, armed with clubs, assembled in Southwark, with shouts of 'High-Church and Ormond!' 'Down with the mug-houses!' and, attacking the mug-house there, broke the shutters and windows. The society within, however, rushed out, and drove them away. A week after this, on Friday, the 20th of July, the London mob, which, we are told, had 'strangely' increased since the King's departure for Hanover, made a desperate attack on the mug-house in Salisbury Court. The society then assembled there sent for assistance to their allies in the mug-house in Tavistock Street; and, thus reinforced, they succeeded in driving away the assailants. A second attack was, however, made by a much stronger mob on the evening of Monday the 23rd; but the society held them successfully at bay till the following morning, when they had been so much increased that further resistance seemed vain. The proprietor of the house, named Read, then advanced to the door with a blunderbuss, and threatened any one who should attempt to enter the house. Instead of falling back, the mob rushed towards him with clubs and sticks, whereupon he fired and shot their ringleader dead. The mob, rendered still more furious, threw themselves upon Read, and left him to appearance lifeless; and then broke down the sign, entirely gutted the lower part of the house, drank as much ale in the cellar as they could, and let the rest run out. The magistrates and soldiers arrived about mid-day, and dispersed the mob, though not till a soldier and some other persons had been severely injured in the fray. The Loyal Society, who had barricaded themselves in the upper part of the house, were thus relieved from their unpleasant position. The inquest gave a verdict of wilful murder against Read, and he was brought to trial, but acquitted, and Government made good the damage he had sustained. Several of the rioters were also brought to their trial; and, convicted of being active in the work of destruction, they were hanged without mercy. This event appears to have thrown a final damp upon the spirits of the mob.

"At the end of June the King left England for Hanover. On his departure a treasonable libel was hawked about the streets, entitled 'King G——'s farewell to England; or, the Oxford Scholars in mourning.' We know little of the contents of the libels against the King's person which were thus hawked about the streets; but, to judge from what is preserved in

some of the early Scottish Jacobite songs, the scandal attached to George's wife and to his mistresses was plentifully raked up. The latter were often hooted by the mob as they passed through the streets. Horace Walpole, in his *Reminiscences,* assures us that nothing could be grosser than the ribaldry that was vomited out in lampoons, libels, and every channel of abuse, against the Sovereign and the new Court, and chaunted even in their hearing in the public streets."

It is certainly amusing to observe the state of public manners in those turbulent times, and the public credulity of those days is not without its moral. We cannot refrain from extracting Mr. Wright's entertaining description of the celebrated "Bottle-Conjuror hoax,—a practical joke which had well nigh ended seriously. Our intelligent readers have all heard of this celebrated *ruse,* but it will bear repetition :—

"The easy credulity and superstition of the English people at this period, cherished and increased by the preaching and writings of a number of fanatical sectarians, was exhibited in many other circumstances besides their belief in quack medicines, and made them the dupes of several practical jokes, and intentional or involuntary impositions. The ridiculous imposture of the rabit-woman of Godalming, which had been favoured by some members of the medical profession, had afforded a striking instance of national credulity in the earlier part of the century. The 'gullibility' of the public was illustrated in a still more remarkable manner in 1749, when some facetious individual (who he was has never been discovered) put in effect a practical joke of no ordinary description. On the 16th of January, the daily papers contained the following advertisement, slightly varied :—

"'At the New Theatre in the Haymarket, this present day to be seen a person who performs the several most surprising things following; viz. First he takes a common walking cane from any of the spectators, and thereon he plays the music of every instrument now in use, and likewise sings to surprising perfection. Secondly, he presents you with a common wine-bottle, which any of the spectators may first examine; this bottle is placed on a table in the middle of the stage, and he (without any equivocation) goes into it, in the sight of all the spectators, and sings in it: during his stay in the bottle, any person may handle it, and see plainly that it does not exceed a common tavern bottle.

"'Those on the stage or in the boxes may come in masked habits (if more agreeable to them), and the performer (if desired) will inform them who they are.

"'Stage, 7*s.* 6*d.* Boxes, 5*s.* Pit, 3*s.* Gallery, 2*s.*
"'To begin at half an hour after six o'clock."'

"It was added in a postscript, that the performance had been witnessed by most of the crowned heads of Asia, Africa, and Europe; and the operator promised, for a further gratuity, some other extraordinary exhibitions. In spite of the absurdity of this announcement, and of another advertisement in some of the papers, of the arrival of the wonderful Signor Jumpedi, who, among other things, undertook to jump down his own throat, no suspicion appears to have been entertained of the real nature of the hoax, and at the hour advertised a very crowded audience had assembled in the theatre, a large portion of which were persons of quality, and among them was the Duke of Cumberland. There was no music, and the only apparatus on the stage was a table covered with green baize, with a common quart bottle on it. The company sat quietly till towards seven o'clock, when they became extremely impatient, and the house resounded with cat-calls and other equally intelligible expressions of dissatisfaction. A man then came forward to announce that the performer had not yet made his appearance, and some one (it was said to have been Samuel Foote, who performed at this theatre, and was then in the boxes), apparently with the idea of pacifying the audience, said, 'that the money would be returned if he did not come.' A man in the pit shouted out at the same time waggishly, that if they would come again the next night, and pay double the price, the conjuror would go into a pint bottle. Upon this a candle was thrown from one of the boxes on the stage, which was the signal for a general uproar. The ladies and the more peaceful visitors rushed out of the theatre, and escaped only with a general loss of hats, coats, &c. The Duke of Cumberland lost his gold-hilted sword; and on this being known, some one in the crowd shouted, 'Billy the Butcher has lost his knife!' Those who remained in the theatre proceeded from one outrage to another, until they had broken up the boxes, benches, and every particle of woodwork that could be removed, and torn down the curtains and scenes, which were soon piled up in the street before the house in one immense bonfire. In the meantime the alarm had been given, and a party of foot-guards hurried to the spot; but the rioters had fled, and the soldiers arived only in time to warm themselves at the fire.

"The next day John Potter, the proprietor of the theatre, inserted a letter in the newspapers. making an apology to the public for having let the house unwittingly to the impostor, and complaining of the injustice done to him personally by the destruction of his property; and Foote, who was suspected by some of having been accessory to the imposition, wrote a similar letter excusing himself. These letters were continued as advertisements during several days. But others took up the matter much less seriously, and for a week or two after the newspapers contained not unfrequently burlesque announcement of extraordinary performances, like the following, which is found in the *General Advertiser* of the 21st of January:—

"'*Lately arrived from Ethiopia,*
The most wonderful and surprising Doctor Benimbe Zammampoango, oculist and body surgeon to the Emperor of Monæmungi, who will perform on Sunday next, at the little P—— in the Haymarket, the following surprising operations; viz.—

"'1st. He desires any one of the spectators only to pull out his own eyes, which as soon as he has done, the doctor will shew them to any lady or gentleman then present, to convince them there is no cheat, and then replace them in their sockets as perfect and entire as ever.

"'2nd. He desires any officer or other to rip up his own belly, which when he has done he (without any equivocation) takes out his guts. washes them, and returns them to their place without the person's suffering the least hurt.

"'3rd. He opens the head of a J—— of P—— [*justice of peace*], takes out his brains, and exchanges them for those of a calf; the brains of a beau, for those of an ass; and the heart of a bully for that of a sheep; which operations render the persons more sociable and rational creatures than they ever were in their lives.

"'And to convince the town that no imposition is intended, he desires no money until the performance is over.

"'Boxes, 5 gu. Pit, 3. Gal., 2.

"'N.B—The famous oculist will be there, and honest S—— F——. H—— will come if he can. Ladies may come masked, so may fribbles. The faculty and clergy gratis. The Orator would be there, but is engaged.'

"'The Man in the Bottle' became immediately the hero of several satirical pamphlets on the folly and credulity of the age, besides making his appearance in ballads and caricatures, Two of the caricatures, published in the course of January, were entitled 'The Bottle-Conjuror from Head to Foot, without equivocation,' and 'English Credulity; or, ye're all

bottled.' In the latter, Folly is leading by a string to the bottle-conjuror's table, a group of characters distinguished in arms, law, physic, &c. A sword, alluding to the Duke of Cumberland's loss, is flying away, and a fiend is in pursuit for the proffered reward of thirty guineas. Britannia turns away her face in shame—'Oh! my sons!' In another print, as a companion to the Bottle, harlequin is represented in a very ingenious manner, jumping down his own throat. On the 26th of January, and for some time after, the play-bills added to the announcement of the pantomime of Apollo and Daphne, 'In which will be introduced a new scene of the escape of harlequin into a quart bottle;' and in the summer, a new comedy, called 'The Magician; or the bottle conjuror,' was acted at the smaller theatres. For many years afterwards the bottle-conjuror was a standing joke upon English folly."

This piece of audacious pleasantry seems to be ascribed to Samuel Foote, with some show of reason, as it smacks somewhat savourily of the well-known character of that facetious worthy.

Mr. Wright has made a point of illustrating his subject by the caricatures of the day, which were numerous, and occasionally displaying great merit. The woodcuts are well-executed and carefully preserve the characteristic style of the age. The plates, too, are in Mr. Fairholt's best fashion.

Some little insight into the state of literature in the time of George II., general and periodical, may not be uninteresting:—

"Literature continued to experience the neglect of the court through the whole of the reign of George II. and it had been entirely excluded from the palace after the death of Queen Caroline. Some countenance was, it is true, shewn to literary men in the opposition court of Leicester House, but it was rather a parade of patronage, than an efficient or judicious encouragement, and produced little more than a few panegyrical odes. At the same time the literary taste of the day was gradually improving, and it was spreading and strengthening itself in new classes of publications. The newspapers had long been in the habit of devoting a portion of their space to literature, in a form somewhat resembling the French *feuilletons* of the present day, but which was more frequently filled with burlesque, ill-natured criticism, or half-concealed scandal; or, when such productions were harmless, they were of so dull and flimsy a character, as to give us a very low estimate of

the taste of the readers who could receive any satisfaction from their perusal. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, the first attempt at a monthly repository of this kind, was begun by Cave, in 1731; its main object at first being to give a summary of the better literary essays which had appeared in the more perishable form of the daily and weekly press, although this part of the plan was soon made subservient to the publication of original papers. This magazine was looked upon as belonging principally to the Whig party, then in the plenitude of power under Sir Robert Walpole, and the *London Magazine* was immediately set up in opposition to it. The success of these two publications led in the course of a few years to a number of imitations, and in 1750 we count no less than eight periodicals of this description, issued monthly, under the titles of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *London Magazine*, the *British Magazine*, the *Universal Magazine*, the *Travellers' Magazine*, the *Ladies' Magazine*, the *Theological Magazine*, and the *Magazine of Magazines*. The latter was an attempt, by giving the pith of its monthly contemporaries, to do the same by them as the *Gentleman's Magazine* had first done by the newspapers.

"With these periodicals there gradually grew up a new class of writers, known as the Critics. The magazines had from the first given monthly lists of new books, and these lists were subsequently accompanied by short notices of the contents and merits of the principal new publications, while longer notices and abstracts of remarkable works were given as separate articles. This was the origin of the reviews, in the modern sense of the title, which were becoming fashionable in the middle of the last century. In the year 1752 there were three professed reviews, the *Literary Review*, the *Monthly Review*, and the *Critical Review*, the latter by the celebrated Smollett. The critics formed a self-constituted tribunal, which the authors long regarded with feelings of undisguised hostility; and an unpalatable review was often the cause of bitter quarrels and desperate paper-wars. Their attempt was looked upon as an unfair attempt to control the public taste. There can be little doubt, however, that the establishment of reviews had an influence in improving the literature of the country.

"About the same time that the reviews began to be in vogue, the periodical essayists came again into fashion, a multitude of that class of publications represented in its better features by the *Adventurers*, *Connoisseurs*, *Ramblers*, &c., that have

outlived the popularity of the day, were launched into the world, most of them combining political partisanship with a somewhat pungent censorship of the foibles and vices of the age. This class of periodicals became most numerous soon after the accession of George III. Besides the personal abuse with which many of them abounded, they published a large mass of private scandal, which was perfectly well understood, in spite of the fictitious names under which it was issued, and which formed probably the most marketable portion of the literature of the day. Even in the highest class of the romances of that age, those of Smollett and Fielding, as well as in a multitude of memoirs and novels of a lower description, the greatest charm for the reader consisted in the facility with which he recognised the pictures of well-known individuals, whose private weaknesses were there cruelly brought to light in false or exaggerated colours. It was this peculiar taste in literature which gave the character to the mode of life of that class of writers who then lived by their pen: their days and nights were spent in the coffee-house, the theatre, or the rout, in raking up scandalous anecdotes and intrigues, which they lost no time in drawing up for the papers, which were in daily readiness to receive them. Among the earlier essayists of the class alluded to was the *Inspector*, which first brought into notoriety the cebrated Sir John Hill, the 'orator Henley' of the literature of the day, who may be taken as the type of the literary quackery of the age of which we are now speaking. The *original* orator Henley was just quitting the scene in which he had gained so much celebrity—he died in 1757."

We shall now introduce our readers to the celebrated Doctor Hill,—a somewhat *unique* character. :—

"John Hill was born in 1716. His father, who was a clergyman, placed him as appentice with a surgeon at Westminster, and, having married early, he set up for himself in that profession, but soon dissatisfied with it, he applied himself to the study of botany, and obtained the patronage of the Duke of Richmond and Lord Petre. This pursuit he also relinquished, and he next applied himself to the stage, and made several unsuccessful attempts as an actor at Drury Lane, and the little theatre in the Haymarket; in the latter of which he performed the part of the quack-doctor in 'Romeo and Juliet.' He afterwards indulged the spleen occasioned by this failure by decrying the best actors of the day, and he wrote a

book on the art, under the title of 'The Actor,' chiefly with this object. Hill now returned to surgery and botany, and was taken up by Martin Fowkes, the president, and some other leading members of the Royal Society, and under their auspices published, in 1746, a tolerably well-executed translation of Theophrastus on Gems. He became thus introduced to the booksellers, and was employed to write a Natural History in three folio volumes, to compile a supplement to Chambers's Dictionary, and then to edit the *British Magazine*. With the latter Hill set up in the full character of a popular writer, and at the same time broke with his patrons in science. On the publication of his Supplement to Chambers, he made an attempt to obtain admission into the Royal Society; but, his unprincipled character being now well known, he was rejected, and, in revenge, abused Folkes and his former friends, and attacked the Society in a scurrilous review of its productions, and published a hoax upon it in a clever though ridiculous pamphlet (under the psuedonyme of Abraham Johnson) entitled 'Lucina sine Concubita,' in which he pretended to shew that generation might take place without the intercourse of the sexes. This book made some noise at the time, and gave birth to several other pamphlets. Hill now obtained a foreign diploma of doctor-in-medicine, drove about in his chariot, and took upon himself all the airs of a fashionable author. His overweening vanity made him an object of ridicule: he strutted about with an affected air, was a regular attendant at the theatres and places of amusement, exhibited himself at the fashionable lounges, aped the manners of a fop, and *pretended* to enjoy the favours of ladies of quality. Yet he was a ready and prolific writer, and he now attempted to shine in almost every walk of literature, as well as in science. The so oft parodied lines were again applied to him, in conjunction with orator Henley and a noted quack of the time named Rock:—

"'Three great wise men in the same era born,
Britannia's happy island did adorn:
Henley in cure of souls displayed his skill,
Rock shone in physic, and in both John Hill;
The force of nature could no farther go,
To make a third she join'd the other two.'

"Of his lighter productions, the 'Memoirs of Lady Frail' (a false history of the frailities of Lady Harriet Vane) made considerable noise. In fact, no writer was so unscrupulous as

Hill in publishing private scandal, and in adding to it of his own invention. After a while he was seized with a passion of writing for the stage; but it was not till 1758, that he prevailed on Garrick to bring out his farce of 'The Rout,' which was damned on the second night. Garrick's epigram on the occasion will not soon be forgotten:—

"'For physic and farces, his equal there scarce is:
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is.'

"Perhaps no man was ever so bold an adept at literary quackery as Dr. Hill. As if with the intention of throwing all his contemporary essayists in the shade, he commenced, in the spring of 1752, a *daily* essay, under the title of the *Inspector*, which was first published in the *Daily Advertiser*, and was afterwards collected into two octavo volumes. During this year the pen of Dr. Hill was so active, that he is said to have cleared by his writings no less a sum than fifteen hundred pounds! Some of the *Inspectors* consisted of essays on subjects connected with natural history (especially of microscopic observations), described in an absurdly conceited and pompous style. On the Saturday of each week he gave a sort of moral discourse, intended to be suitable for the following day. But many of the essays were composed of the scandal which he had gathered up in his daily or nightly perambulation of the town; others contained unprovoked and unjust attacks upon his contemporaries; in some he hinted at his own successes among ladies of quality; and by no means unfrequently he wrote letters to himself, setting forth in no measured terms the praise of his own talents and virtues. It is not to be wondered at if he thus provoked hostility in every quarter. One of the first persons who showed his resentment was Woodward, the actor, who went to George's coffee-house with the intention of giving Hill a public castigation; but missing his man, he first published a violent pamphlet against him, in which he made public all his early disappointments in seeking stage notoriety, and he then brought him on the stage in a farce under the character of the 'Mock Doctor.' Another quarrel took a still more serious character. The *Inspector* of the 30th of April embodied a scurrilous attack upon an Irish gentleman of the name of Brown, giving, as usual, a distorted account of some private transactions, and holding up that gentleman in the character of a rake, a coxcomb, and a coward. Although Brown's name was not mentioned, the allusions

could not be mistaken, and he called upon Dr. Hill for an explanation. The latter made a shuffling answer, treated Brown with insolence, and in another *Inspector* gave a vainglorious account of his own conduct, and treated the character of his offended antagonist with greater contempt than ever, accusing him, among other things, of being so illiterate that he could not write his mother-tongue correctly. On the evening of the 6th of May, Brown went to Ranelagh, and meeting Dr. Hill in the passage, he demanded proper satisfaction for the attack, and, on this being refused, insulted him publicly by pulling him by the ear. Dr. Hill made a great uproar, procured a warrant against his assailant, pretended that an attempt had been made to murder him, that he had been overpowered by numbers and beaten till he was seriously injured and took to his bed. Brown surrendered himself to the magistrate, and, it being stated that Dr. Hill was in no danger, he was allowed to give bail for his appearance on a future day, to answer any charge brought against him; and when that day arrived, no one appearing against him, he was discharged. But Dr. Hill and his friends published and spread abroad sedulously all kinds of false statements, magnifying his own courage and the brutality of his pretended assailants, and making up a story that was aptly compared with Falstaff's relation of his encounter with the redoubtable men in buckram. The affair made an extraordinary noise, and a multitude of pens and pencils were raised against the unpopular Doctor.

"Nevertheless, in the latter years of the reign of George II., Hill obtained the favour of Lord Bute; and, his literary reputation failing him, he returned to surgery and botany, obtained a temporary establishment in the gardens at Kew, was knighted, and was enabled, by Lord Bute, to give to the world some magnificent, if not very meritorious, botanical works. He married, in second wedlock, a sister of Lord Ranelagh, who, after his death, (which occurred in 1775,) published a pamphlet which seemed to say that he had not derived any permanent advantage from the patronage of Lord Bute. In 1779, an extravagantly panegyrical memoir of Sir John Hill was published at Edinburgh, price sixpence.

"Dr. Hill stands forth as a type not only of literary but also of medical quackery, the wide prevalence of which was among the distinguishing characteristics of the period of which we are now speaking. We have, in the pages of 'Roderick Random,' a good picture of the medical practitioners of the

middle of the eighteenth century. Amid the general venality, degrees and honours were not always a proof of merit in the individual upon whom they were conferred; and from this cause, or from the wide-spread spirit of credulity, people sought with more eagerness the nostrum of the quack than the experience of the proficient. Under these circumstances, a host of pretenders preyed upon the health and constitutions of their fellow-countrymen, and the newspapers are filled during many successive years with the never-failing virtues of the panaceas of Dr. Rock, of the Anodyne-Necklace man (Burchell), and their fellows. For several years, about the middle of the century, a sort of diminutive crusade was carried on against quackery, but with no great success, and it seems in a great measure to have turned upon, or dwindled into, personal quarrels. A number of serious pamphlets on the pernicious effects of the system of pills, powders. and draughts, which were trumped forth into the world by newspaper advertisements, were dublished under respectable names, or anonymously; while satires and burlesques tended to turn them into ridicule, and the more remarkable quacks of the day were set forth in their true colours and attributes in prints and caricatures. In a mock letter from Dr. Rock 'to a physician at Bath,' the popular empiric is made to improve upon the extraordinary properties of the numerous quack medicines then in vogue. 'Imprimis,' he says, 'there is my famous *sympathetical family pill.* Let the master of any family, or the mistress if she be master, take one of these at night going to bed, and another in the morning fasting, and they shall not only be purged themselves, but the whole family, men, women, and children. shall equally participate of the sume benefit.' Among the various other advantages of these pills, we are told, 'For instance, when a fine lady has been to go to a rout or to a ridotto, what does the ill-natured husband do, but take my pills very privately, and then, poor soul, she dares not venture out of doors, and, if she did, can have neither coachman nor footman to attend her.' After these are, 'Secondly, my *intentional purging pills*.....The person who takes them need only say to himself, "It is my intention these pills should purge my wife as much as they do me; my boy Jack half as much as they do me; my daughter Molly once less than Jack; that liquorish hussey Nan, that steals half the sweetmeats, and eats half the fruit in the garden, ten times as much as they do me, for five days successively.' Upon this the wished for

event infallibly follows.' There was perhaps in this a sly sarcasm at the doctrines of sympathies, which merged into animal magnetism."

The book before us has great claims upon the public notice as a work of vast research, and one in which the amount of labour expended in obtaining authentic materials must have been very great.

The lengthy extracts we have given scarcely do the work sufficient justice, for the matter it contains is so varied, and present so many features of interest that we have only been able to give our readers an outline of the character of the work as containing information which every Englishman should know, and that too given in a style both amusing and instructive.

VELASQUEZ' PORTRAIT OF PRINCE CHARLES.—We have received a pamphlet on the subject of this *vexata questio*, touching the authenticity of a certain portrait of Prince Charles by the celebrated Velasquez, in the possession of Mr. Snare of Reading. There is some difference of opinion, it appears, as to the genuineness of the painting; Sir Edmund Head and Mr. Stirling who have *not* got the picture disputing the point with Mr. Snare who *has* got it; and as the possessor seems to be well qualified by his knowledge of Art to have some pretensions to judge the matter fairly, we confess, that Mr. Snare's argument seems fair and reasonable, and, coming from a person somewhat skilled in such matters, carries a certain amount of weight with it.

The Theatres.

HAYMARKET.—This favorite establisment, after having undergone complete renovation and been decorated in the most costly and elegant style, has been re-opened with a very long list of popular artists, who are all "at home" every evening in their plays, comedies, dramas, interludes, and farces. Miss Laura Addison, with Mr. Creswick has been engaged, and

have since the commencement of this season's campaign treated the audience with some very clever personifications. The house has been very well attended.

PRINCESS.—This theatre has brought before the public two operatic artists who bid fair to become popular favorites. They made their first stage appearance on the 16th ult., in Flotow's romantic opera entitled *Leoline*, which was the first time of its performance in this country. Miss Rafter possesses a very fair voice and is a tolerably good actress; Mr. Charles Braham —son of the veteran—has a very rich and clear tenor voice, and sings with very great sweetness and delicacy; we regret however that his action has not had better schooling, for it proves a great drawback to his vocal powers. The opera itself contains many very sweet gems which are likely to become popular, while it has the disadvantage of possessing in its present representation, the very worst libretto that we ever perused. We feel convinced we do not exaggerate in stating that our printer's devil will sit down and make the sophisticated author of the words of Leoline (whoever he may be) regularly, unquestionably, and most decidedly right down ashamed of himself, at any time or place he, the said author, may think proper to mention.

ADELPHI.—At this house Mr. Hudson has been playing, and continues to play a round of Hibernian characters, which create much merriment to those fond of this peculiar branch of acting. He is capitally supported by the principal favorites of the establishment, and seems to draw pretty good houses. Farce and fun run hand in hand at this theatre, and we can confidently recommend all those seeking "irritation of their risible faculties," to lose no time in having the same accomplished to a very exhilarating and healthy extent, by paying a visit to the Adelphi.

LYCEUM.—A very laughable piece has been produced at this theatre under the title of *My Father did so before Me*, for the purpose of introducing Mr. John Reeve, the son of the late "glorious John," as a regular member of a dramatic company, to a London audience. Mr. Reeve played at the Surrey for a few nights, and once at the Haymarket for a benefit about a year-and-half ago; since which he has been acting in the provinces with much success, and has got rid of all

"amateur awkwardness," and now comes to seek, what we doubt not he will obtain, from the ability and humour he displays, a large share of the approbation of the metropolitan play-goers. He had the assistance of Mrs. Yates and Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam in the above piece, which was written purposely for his *debût*, and though it is a very improbable story, yet that matters little, since there is sufficient scope to keep the audience amused. The plot is this:—John Trot, a cabman, (Mr. Reeve), makes love to and wants to marry Laura, (Miss Fitzwilliam), maid of the Countess of Clairville, (Mrs. Yates), a rich young widow, whose hand is sought by Lord Flippington, (Mr. Selby), who has no rival in the fair countess' affection except a paroquet which has escaped from its cage, Lord Flippington having left the door open; and to punish him, she declares she will not listen to his addresses until he has restored her pet. At this stage John Trot comes to see Laura for the purpose of getting the countess to consent to their marriage, and tells Laura that he will not only obtain it, but will make the countess give him a kiss into the bargain. He is then shown into the boudoir of the countess, and tells her his business, and also that the lost favorite is safe in his keeping, and if she wishes to obtain it, she must consent to his marrying Laura, and moreover, give him a kiss. This, the countess after a struggle with her pride, does, though not before the cabman threatens to wring the bird's neck: on the receipt of the "honied favour," John ungallantly avows "he don't think much of it." The bird is now restored, but to the countess' annoyance keeps asking, "Who kiss'd the cabman?" Here Lord Flippington enters, and to him the countess confesses that *she* has kissed the cabman, which avowal throws him into a dreadful state of agitation, from the fact of a certain Lord Popinjay, a libertine who has contrived to get into the "good graces" of several young ladies, and afterwards makes his boast of the favours he had received, each fair one having presented him with a feather. He has fourteen of these in his possession, and wages that the countess of Clairville shall present him with the fifteenth. Of course the cabman is, in Flippington's mind, no other than Popingjay, who resorts to a little masquerading to obtain the kiss and win his wager. An elucidation however takes place. John Trot convinces them that he is not Popinjay by marrying Laura, and receives two hundred pounds from the countess, and the like sum from her lover as her dowry.